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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

PREPARATIONS have already begun for the inauguration of Herbert Hoover as president of the United States on March 4th. The weather bureau has already forecast a smiling sunny day for marking the advent of Herbert Hoover as president of the United States. Despite his oft repeated desire that the ceremonies be as simple as possible it looks as if there will be a most imposing parade to celebrate the event, even if some of the traditional social func-tions are to be eliminated. His travels have given Mr. Hoover first-hand information that it is believed will inaugurate a new era of better understanding between all the countries of the Western hemisphere. The mental attitude of the world seems to be about the same and the policies of international trade will nat-urally follow the trend of modern business that considers the future customer and the necessity of amity and confidence in establishing a profitable trade. Going far afield we find now that there is not so much dif-ference between peoples. They all are inclined to seek the comforts and the conveniences of modern life, which under a comprehensive plan of actual distribution and allocation is possible to relieve all fear and apprehension of want and famine and dire distress in any section of the globe if the proper adjustments are made in the proper spirit. All this indicates that the outlawry of war is no longer an ethical dream, but is becoming one of the practical policies looking towards the welfare of each individual nation as well as humanity at large.

S long as singers have prize auditions over the radio, a proposition has been made to have an oratorical audition on the floor of the Senate and House in hopes of discovering new talent for forensic debate and give a human interest touch to the dull drone of debate. Imagine the people sitting around their loud speakers checking up with the judges as to who is going to receive the \$5000 prize, while the high schools are training the future statesmen in local contests. Prizes are an effective way of bringing out talent in modern days, and there is still a chance that public speaking will return to popular favor and have at least a scratch start with the restaurant jazz orchestras.

EPORTS are coming in from all the departments and, despite the prosaic array of tables and figures, provide interesting reading. The United States Health Service has revealed some interesting facts in reference to the extension of the Life Span, which is of vital consequence to young and old. When we read the obituary page in later years we unconsciously look for the age and make comparisons of our own, and a mental calculation of our own and future chances. The insur-

ance companies have made this vital statistics a matter of scientific study for years. Health is after all the greatest national asset, but it would seem that the more information we have on the subject the more deliberately people violate the simple and necessary regulations of diet and habit to enjoy good health. The fact that every living creature on earth, human or animal will not exist in one hundred and eleven years, makes us realize how brief the span of life is for all the creatures of the earth, and shows how nature has a way of wiping the slate clean.

HE presence of Vice-President-elect Charles R. Curtis on the floor of the Senate, acting as a member of the Senate, is without precedent. His long service at the capital would make any other place on earth seem strange to Charles R. Curtis. His record as a leader of this august body has been such as to endear him to his colleagues. As a "whip" of the Senate and the House he was never regarded as a Simon Legree. His successor as Republican leader is Senator James A. Watson of Indiana who has spent a lifetime in service in both houses of Congress. His tall form and energetic discussions have long been a phase of Senatorial deliberations, associated with every great question that has come before the country, for legislative consideration. He is still "Jim" Watson to his old friends and constituents and is altogether one of the most human and whole-souled Senators that has answered to the roll call during the past quarter century.

NE of the new cloakroom stories is told of a certain lawyer-of course it must be a Philadelphia lawyer to suit the cast of the drama, and ferret out the key to the mystery. During the busy hours of a conference with partners, a card was handed him, appealing for "a personal word on a matter of vital pressing importance." He retired to meet a porter aglow with the brass buttons of a regulation Pullman The visitor seemed to be in a great rush.

"You see I've got to take my train run at Broad Street and I have some choice liquor from Canada that I want you to have."
"How?" tersely inquired the astute lawyer.

"Jess hold it for me at bargain price—only twelve quarts. Try it."

The sample was right according to legal taste.

"How much?"

"Eighty dollars for the case."

"All right."

When the alleged porter returned, he was in great haste to catch his train, but delivered the parcel of select goods.

"I'll take you' check," said the accommodating por-

But Philadelphia lawyers are wise, and they scraped up the cash by a collection including all the partners' office boys and stenographers—eighty green berries, and handed it to the hastily returning man in buttons.

After the long weary day's work—and in view of the fact that Christmas was coming—the usual alibis



Photo by Brown Bros.

Hon. James M. Beck, former Solicitor-General of the Department of Justice, now Congressman from Philadelphia

for taking a nip—the firm of Philadelphia lawyers were ready for a cheering drop.

The senior partner began opening the parcel with much ceremony—and there was revealed a fine collection of bricks, red, red bricks—not gold bricks—

just onery mortared bricks.

Tongues were dry, but became loosed when it was realized how bootlegging had developed as a fine art in the city of Brotherly Love.

E seem to be just pushed along without having time to think or deliberate" was the pathetic plea of a congressman who completed a day's work devoted entirely to varied demands of constituents, suave and irate. He had under his arm a bundle of papers.

"I am at least going to read the Congressional Record for the week and go over the documents being considered on my Committee. If there is an extra session I am ruined, because the real work of my campaign for 1930 begins this summer in planting the outposts."

Pacing off toward the House Office Building—"keeping within the lines" as the words proclaimed on the wide pavement radiating from the Capitol, he was not the merry picture of a congressman as pictured in the election returns.

I N passing the Chinese Embassy I recalled a letter that I had received in the form of a Christmas Greeting from the Reverend H. G. Hallock of Shanghai, China, in reference to a holiday that suggested the festivities of our Yuletide and Thanksgiving:

"We have recently had one of China's chief holidays. For more than a week I noticed signs of its coming. Great stacks of "mooncakes" in brightly colored packets were shown in many stores. Beautiful lanterns were seen along the streets. Everything was in such gay style it made one think of a coming Christmas. It was the Chinese Moon-feast and Mid-Autumn Festival. In their feasting it recalled our Thanksgiving Day.

The Chinese 15th of the 8th month is called "Tsoong Tsiu"—Middle Autumn. On that day they have theatricals before all the gods in the temple and burn the "Shaung-teo"—incense bushel. This bushel-like measure is made of incense sticks. The largest "bushels" sometimes measure as much as 20 feet in diameter. In the middle of the "bushel" is a long, large stick of incense made up of thousands of thin incense sticks the size of vermicelli. On the afternoon and night of this day each family burns an incense bushel at home. These are smaller than the ones burned in the temple. On this day they who can afford eat moon-cakes and all kinds of nice things. The incense bushel is decorated with flags and many-colored dragon-gates something as children at home put candles on their birthday cakes; but the children in China take the flags and dragon-gate decorations from the bushel before it is burnt, and have great delight in playing with these, marching up and down the streets.

I asked the Chinese why they burn the incense bushel and eat the moon-cake, and worship the moon with candles, incense and food on this day. They answered that there are many reasons for it and many stories are told about it. One of the reasons is because there is a lady-god in the moon. Her name is Zaungnoo. She is said to be exceedingly beautiful. From the beginning of time to the end there never was nor will be one as beautiful as she. She was once upon a time a woman of the world; but became displeased with her husband and all the world and fled to the moon. On the 15th the real story of why she fled is acted out in the long theatrical plays attended by throngs of people. In ancient times on the 15th of the eighth month when they burned the incense bushel the sweet fragrance would go high up to the moon She took pleasure in it and manifested her goddess. approval by coming near earth riding on a cloud and people could see her beautiful face. But now men's hearts have become wicked, and the world is full of sin, so the incense is not so pure as formerly and it does not rise so high as to reach the goddess in her palace and so, not enjoying its fragrance, she comes no more on the clouds; but people still offer incense and hope she will appear sometime.

They say that in the moon this goddess has a most beautiful castle. It is called the "Yuih-Koong"—Moon Palace. Only one human has ever seen its glories. Once, during the Dong Dynasty, a Chinese king, called Ming Wong, by the Magic of a holy monk, was enabled to mount up from the earth to the Moon Castle to hear the music and see its beauty. He was allowed to stand outside for only a very few minutes. By that

time the goddess knew that the king of man was there. She was very angry at the monk for leading the king to her holy land. Soon from the Castle came most unpleasant sounds. The monk understood that it was the queen giving vent to her wrath and he quickly led the king back to earth.

FFICIAL life brings a halo that leads to perquisites that would not come in the shades of a private career. A bright and dapper young man, who appeared as if he might have played a saxaphone, knocked at Senator Borah's door. He was timid. The mission was disclosed in the anteroom before he got the password. "You see, I am a composer of jazz popular airs and we want to dedicate our product—one a day—to a senator in some way and make it a complete ninety-day season of 'On with the dance' which will be broadcast over the radio."

"What are the titles of your new compositions?"
"That's the trouble. We have 'Rainbow Round My Shoulder,' 'Dimples on the Knees,' 'The Shining Nose and Purple Rose,' 'I Love You, My Pastry Sweet.' Now we want some dignified titles and I thought 'Borah's Red Apple' ballad or a new 'Horse Trot' adapted to the pace of his favorite mount dashing through Rock Creek Park would be a change at least in tempo from the jilted fox trots and the deceased tango."



E. G. Sewell, Mayor of Miami

N an interview in the lounge of *The Mayflower*, the dynamic Mayor of the southern resort said "Miami, more beautiful than ever."

The season, with its old-time gayety is now on in Miami, with daily band concerts by the Royal Scottish Highlanders Band provided by the city of Miami at a cost of \$50,000 as free entertainment for the winter visitors. These concerts are given in Bay Front Park, the design of which is being used in the construction of a similar park in Corpus Christi, Texas, in the picturesque amphitheatre built only two years ago, but which it has been necessary to enlarge, thus providing a seating capacity for 25,000 persons.

The All-American Air Meet, January 7, 8 and 9, celebrated the combined opening of the Miami Municipal Air-

port and Pan - American Airport, located respectively in the west and northwest tions of Miami. These airports, with large landing fields are equipped with all steel hangars, and the passenger depot with runways has been completed at the Pan American Airport. Delegates from all the South American Republics and from Canada attended, this air meet, and there were owners of air-



more than fifty Mrs. E. G. Sewell, wife of the Mayor of Miami

planes participating in this air derby. Gar Wood, the noted speedboat racer, has transferred his energies, at least temporarily, from his habit of churning the waters of Bay Biscayne, to the air. His new hydroplane has a speed of 160 miles per hour.

The two new highways, the Tamiami Trail across the Everglades, and the continuation of the Dixie Highway to Key West, are contributing much to the pleasure of the visitors travelling by motor—"so taking it all in all," continued Mayor Sewell, "Miami will again take its place as the winter playground of America.

HILE in Washington recently, Mayor Sewell of Miami was in conference with the Departments of War, Navy, and State, and at the Capitol regarding matters of vital import to Miami, as well as other sections of Florida. He attended the National Rivers and Harbors Congress on December 5, in connection with deepening of the Miami Channel from its present draught of 25 feet to 35 feet, and this matter has been presented by him to the Florida representatives. The Mayor is also seeking aid to eliminate the flood-hazard conditions, which are apt to occur during the hurricane season on the shores of Lake Okeechobee. Mr. Sewell is president of the recently organized committee for the Investigation of Flood Control of Florida. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, who is a past vice-president-general of the D. A. R., are well known in Washington, and have been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. C. Wallace Dempsey.

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Being a man with a purpose, he had little time to waste upon purely speculative questions. Besides the daily labor for breadwinning, and the study necessary to keep him abreast of his class in college, there were the time-demands of a methodical courtship with Eleanor Kestrow, and leisure for introspective or other purposes was of the scantiest. Hence, when the affliction became insistent enough to demand a name, he christened it malaria and dosed himself with boneset tea and other homely remedies after the fact.

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his lathe caught the sleeve of his jumper and tore it out at the shoulder. Garth, the foreman, came by as Discombe was picking the shredded sleeve out of the teeth of the gears.

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"No; why?"

"Hain't been having any trouble that you know of?"

"No, guess not."

"Never drinks anything, does he?"

Proctor folded his arms and squared himself against the bench to argue the case. "What in tunket be you drivin' at, Garth? You know John just as well as I do, and you know Mis' Proctor wouldn't have him in the house over night if she ever smelt rum on his breath! But then, that's all foolishness; John's as stiddy as an old clock—too stiddy, I think. Five nights o' the week he sits up with his books, and I cal'late he puts in the other two up at Deacon Kestrow's."

"Don't suppose he's been quarreling with Nell, do you?" suggested the foreman.

Proctor shook his head. "Young folks hain't none too much sense, as a rule," he admitted, "but John and Nell are a sort of a rule to the releves. They're 'nough too sensible to quarrel—both of 'em."

Garth stroked his beard and stood back to watch Discombe, who was slamming the shipper of his lathe back and forth in an

ecstasy of passionate fury.

"I don't know," he said, finally; "I s'pose it must be the books. He's studying too hard, or something. He's spoiled every blessed thing he's touched today, and he'll get wound up and killed before night if he don't look out."

Discombe thought so himself at times, but he held on with blind pertinacity and made shift to win through the day with unbroken bones. The devil of violence rent him sore and came out of him while the men were washing up after six o'clock at the long wooden sink in the basement, and it happened in this wise.

Discombe's eurly shock of red hair was a standing gibe with his shopmates—a jest so old and worn that it had long since ceased to provoke a smile. Someone revived it now and then, and on this occasion it was Wash Turner, the shop dandy, who knew naught of ill-natured devils and their ways. The

demoniac heard the jest, saw red sheet lightning flashing before his eyes, and felt a pounding as of a sledge hammer in his brain; when he came to himself he had Turner in the sink and was trying to strangle him with the contents of the soap and sand boxes. It passed for a bit of over-rough horse-play with the men, but Discombe was troubled about it afterwards, wondering wherein he had differed from a murderer during that seething minute of irresponsible fury.

When he left the shop, Garth walked across the tracks and up the street with him, but the foreman was wise enough to hold his peace until Discombe laid his hand on Proctor's gate. Then he said: "I don't believe you're very well, John; I think I'd take a pill and a sweat if I were you. You do it, and lay off

tomorrow if you feel like it."

Discombe did better. After supper he went to see the old physician who had known him all his life and stated his case as best he could, having no symptoms to describe. Doctor Bradley had his answer ready before Discombe was half through the story of the day's miseries.

"Too much study, my boy. You're crowding the mourners and they won't stand it. Take my advice and lock your books up, even if you have to miss a year. What's a year to you, anyway? You're only twenty-four." "Twenty-five," corrected Discombe.

"Well, twenty-five, then; what of that? Many a man has taken his degree later in life than you will—men who didn't have to earn a living in the meantime, either."

"Yes, doctor, I know that, but there are reasons, good reasons, why—"

"Oh, I suppose so; youth always has a pocketful of them. In your case it's Nellie Kestrow principally, isn't it?"

"Not altogether, though I certainly owe it to her not to make her wait indefinitely."

"Nonsense! At your age a year oughtn't to tip a pennyweight in the scale against health! Go to Nellie like a man and tell her all about it; she's sensible, and she'll wait one year or five, if you want her to."

Discombe took his hat and got as far as the door. "That's your opinion of the physical side of the case, doctor," he stopped to say, "but I'm not so sure that my trouble is entirely physical. I feel quite well, my appetite is good, I sleep like a healthy child."

Doctor Bradley interrupted him with a laugh. "If there's nothing the matter with your body or your brain, why did you come to me?" he asked. "If you think it's your soul that needs physicking, you'd better go to Doctor Bellamore or Father Brady; i I can't cast out devils."

Discombe went to neither, nor was he yet ready to lay bare his trouble to Eleanor. Telling her would be making a confession of weakness; and his hobby was strength-of body and of mind, of character and of purpose. Moreover, he foresaw difficulties in trying to make any one understand the subtleties of this thing which had overtaken him. Setting ill-health aside in the solution, it became a mystery; and who could tread the mazes of the metaphysical labyrinth with him?

Not Eleanor, certainly, he thought. She was so self-contained and practical, so intolerant of mysteries, and so quick to analyze human moods and tenses as she would demonstrate a problem to her class in algebra. No; when he would tell her he must at least be able to state his puzzle in reducible terms and then the necessity would have eaten itself. So he argued and so it seemed to him, wherein he fell into the pit of error which over-sensitive persons, bedeviled or otherwise, dig for themselves. And the fact was this: Eleanor would have heard and understood, and her help would have been none the es timely and efficient because she happened to be able to look out upon the world of hazard through cool gray eyes that were the rindows of a soul steeped in serenity.

An opportunity for free speech came on e Sunday following Discombe's visit to the The Kestrows lived well back oward the granite ledge out of which Ridgeoro dug the major portion of its havings; and Discombe and Eleanor took their moderate Sunday pleasure in afternoon rambles among the quarries. One of the latter, a worked-out vein where the stone had become gamy and iron-smitten, was a favorite haunt with them. It was a deep gash in the hillside, with terraced slopes of weather-blackened tone, grim and forbidding, as an abandoned manite quarry is wont to be. At the bottom was a brown pool, unrippled and glassy, the netallic lustre of its surface reproducing the verhanging foliage of the ledge in sharplytehed patches of inky shadow.

The place was weird and uncanny, even daytime, and it was trysting ground for me but the unsuperstitious. Half way up the side nearest the road a broad shelf overoked the pool, and on this Discombe had uilt a rude throne out of the fragments of token stone. Eleanor occupied the throne in the afternoon in question, while the young man was flat on his back on the sun-warmed granite, with his clasped hands for a pillow and his hat tilted to shut out the eye-piercing due of the sky.

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They had been talking of Eleanor's brother, youth in whom had appeared, by a sudden m of the atavistic wheel, the rollicking, ibulous, devil-may-care spirit of some longrgotten and most certainly ante-Puritan While he remained at home, cestor. enry Kestrow was a sore trial to steadying Ridgeboro; but when the news came m a remote western mining camp that he ad given his life in a quarrel not of his own eking, Ridgeboro forgave him and the Kesows mourned not as those to whom symathy is denied. Discombe had known the id from childhood and had loved him as a rother. Wherefore his speech breathed

"I think I am coming to understand Henry's difficulties better than I used to," he said after a break in the conversation. "Evil is a nany-sided affair, and it's not always to be counted for by the rule of three.

Eleanor looked up quickly. "I'm glad you believe that; we must believe it unless we are prepared to discredit Christianity."

As how?" queried Discombe.

"I don't know that I can put it in words, but I'll try. We know that sin is the child of the will; but evil may be from within or without, and it may be too strong for us in either case."

"But isn't the sin the same in any event?" Eleanor clasped her hands over the crook of her parasol and the cool gray eyes sought infinity in the depths of the pool for a moment before she replied.

"I think there is a distinction. If a man were to take a wild beast home with him. knowing its strength and fierceness, he would be responsible for all the dreadful things that would happen. If, living in a jungle where wild beasts were the rule, he left his door open at night, he would still be to blame, though certainly not in the same degree."

Discombe sat up and tossed a pebble into the pool. "Now that I've broken its looking-glass, let's see if the oracle can say any more wise things," he said. "Your illustration stops miles this side of the end.

"I know it," she replied, "it's a circle, and neither you nor I can square it, but I'll carry it out to another decimal place if you like. Let us suppose that the man shuts his door and fastens it, and that the wild beast comes and breaks it down. The resulting evil may be just the same, but the man's responsibility is lessened by just so much as he resisted.'

Discombe thought about it for a moment and then said: "That discredits Christianity."
"Why?"

"Because Christianity claims to furnish a lock for the door that can't be tampered with unless there's treason in the garrison. And the lock or bolt or bar, or whatever you may call it, is always available and is to be had for the asking."

"Ah, yes; but we don't always ask-that's the pity of it. It's for those who use bolts and bars of their own contriving that the oracle speaks."

"Yes, but to be respected, oracles ought to be original."

"I know it." she assented meekly: "I read it in a book, but that doesn't matter-it's all true."

"It's a ready-made plaster, that's what it is," said Discombe cynically. "See if you can put it on the weak spot in human nature."

Eleanor had a sudden inspiration. "I will," she said quickly. "A book that we both believe tells of a class of persons called demoniacs. I can't say in what degree these poor possessed ones were responsible in the beginning, but I do know that the words of exorcism were always spoken to the demon and not to the man." There was a thrill of passionate tenderness in her voice and Discombe knew she was thinking of Henry.

"That was eighteen hundred years ago," he said reflectively. "Do you think there is still now and then one who is truly possessed of a devil?"

The sun had gone behind the ridge and the dank breath of the twilight was slowly filling the quarry pit. She rose and began to button her jacket. "Why not?" she asked. "As far as we know, human nature and de-

mon nature are unchanged. Let's go home, John; it's getting damp down here.

She was standing behind him and he turned while she was still struggling with the top button. "Let me," he said, and she lifted her chin that he might see. Their eyes met for an instant, and yielding to a sudden impulse, Discombe betrayed himself.

"I think I have a devil, Nellie," he said

"Why, John-you? As if anyone would believe that?'

"It's true," he insisted, "I know because I've had experience—that's the only way we know anything."

They climbed together from the shelf, and when they had left the shadows of the quarry behind, she said, "Tell me about it."

"I can't explain it; I only know that I am possessed, just like the people who used to put in their time cursing and raving in the graveyards around Jerusalem. There's this difference, though; my devil isn't permanent yet—he comes once in a while, when he can get a day off."

Eleanor did not push him into details because she saw that he had spoken impulsively. She was troubled, but, unlike Garth and the doctor, she had no difficulty in making a distinction between mania and malaria. When her lover said good-night at her father's gate, she went back to the dropped subject in a word of encouragement.

"Fight it from above, John," she said, "and-and come to me, if you will let me

Discombe had peace for a fortnight after Then a small accident brought the visitation again with the suddenness of an electric shock. He was working under a locomotive boiler, drilling out scale-eaten stay-bolts with a ratchet-drill blocked above his head. After a time the blocking worked loose and a small avalanche of odds and ends fell upon his head. He held his breath and grappled fiercely for a moment with a frantic demon of violence. Then he went mad with blind rage, and a little later found that he had been making an unseemly exhibition of himself by scattering his tools and material to the four corners of the shop. Garth saw the outburst and was quite willing to let him go when he asked leave.

"You don't begin to be well, John," he said "You'd ought to do something for kindly.

yourself."

Discombe went out, and skirting the town, wandered aimlessly over the hills until evening. Twilight found him looking down at the black pool in the abandoned quarry, and he sat down on a stone and held his aching head in his hands. The struggle with the malignant spirit of ferocity had narrowed itself down to a bare conflict for self-control. Under the sore pressure of the evil hour, he felt that the ability to be once more master of himself would be purchased cheaply at any price. The thought had scarcely taken shape before it struck him that it was an offer to compromise with the devil, and he rejected it with a quiver of horror. It came back again and again, and finally refused to be driven away by any argument he could bring to oppose it. He did what he could, fought bravely until there was no more resistance in him, hesitated, wavered, burst into a fit of blasphemy that made the grim

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"No, guess not."

"Never drinks anything, does he?"

Proctor folded his arms and squared himself against the bench to argue the case. "What in tunket be you drivin' at, Garth? You know John just as well as I do, and you know Mis' Proctor wouldn't have him in the house over night if she ever smelt rum on his breath! But then, that's all foolishness; John's as stiddy as an old clock-too stiddy. I think. Five nights o' the week he sits up with his books, and I cal'late he puts in the other two up at Deacon Kestrow's."

"Don't suppose he's been quarreling with Nell, do you?" suggested the foreman.

Proctor shook his head. "Young folks hain't none too much sense, as a rule," he admitted, "but John and Nell are a sort of a rule to the'rselves. They're 'nough too sensible to quarrel-both of 'em."

Garth stroked his beard and stood back to watch Discombe, who was slamming the shipper of his lathe back and forth in an

ecstasy of passionate fury.

"I don't know," he said, finally; "I s'pose it must be the books. He's studying too hard, or something. He's spoiled every blessed thing he's touched today, and he'll get wound up and killed before night if he don't look out.'

Discombe thought so himself at times, but he held on with blind pertinacity and made shift to win through the day with unbroken bones. The devil of violence rent him sore and came out of him while the men were washing up after six o'clock at the long wooden sink in the basement, and it happened in this wise.

Discombe's curly shock of red hair was a standing gibe with his shopmates—a jest so old and worn that it had long since ceased to provoke a smile. Someone revived it now and then, and on this occasion it was Wash Turner, the shop dandy, who knew naught of ill-natured devils and their ways. The

demoniac heard the jest, saw red sheet lightning flashing before his eyes, and felt a pounding as of a sledge hammer in his brain: when he came to himself he had Turner in the sink and was trying to strangle him with the contents of the soap and sand boxes. It passed for a bit of over-rough horse-play with the men, but Discombe was troubled about it afterwards, wondering wherein he had differed from a murderer during that seething minute of irresponsible fury.

When he left the shop, Garth walked across the tracks and up the street with him, but the foreman was wise enough to hold his peace until Discombe laid his hand on Proctor's gate. Then he said: "I don't believe you're very well, John; I think I'd take a pill and a sweat if I were you. You do it, and lay off

tomorrow if you feel like it."

Discombe did better. After supper he went to see the old physician who had known him all his life and stated his case as best he could, having no symptoms to describe. Doctor Bradley had his answer ready before Discombe was half through the story of the day's miseries.

"Too much study, my boy. You're crowding the mourners and they won't stand it. Take my advice and lock your books up, even if you have to miss a year. What's a year to you, anyway? You're only twenty-four."
"Twenty-five," corrected Discombe.

"Well, twenty-five, then; what of that? Many a man has taken his degree later in life than you will-men who didn't have to earn a living in the meantime, either."

"Yes, doctor, I know that, but there are reasons, good reasons, why-

"Oh, I suppose so; youth always has a pocketful of them. In your case it's Nellie Kestrow principally, isn't it?"
"Not altogether, though I certainly owe it

to her not to make her wait indefinitely.'

"Nonsense! At your age a year oughtn't to tip a pennyweight in the scale against health! Go to Nellie like a man and tell her all about it; she's sensible, and she'll wait one year or five, if you want her to."

Discombe took his hat and got as far as the door. "That's your opinion of the physical side of the case, doctor," he stopped to say, "but I'm not so sure that my trouble is entirely physical. I feel quite well, my appetite is good, I sleep like a healthy child-

Doctor Bradley interrupted him with a "If there's nothing the matter with your body or your brain, why did you come to me?" he asked. "If you think it's your soul that needs physicking, you'd better go to Doctor Bellamore or Father Brady; I can't cast out devils.'

Discombe went to neither, nor was he yet ready to lay bare his trouble to Eleanor. Telling her would be making a confession of weakness; and his hobby was strength-of body and of mind, of character and of purpose. Moreover, he foresaw difficulties in trying to make any one understand the subtleties of this thing which had overtaken him. Setting ill-health aside in the solution, it became a mystery; and who could tread the mazes of the metaphysical labyrinth with him?

Not Eleanor, certainly, he thought. She was so self-contained and practical, so intolerant of mysteries, and so quick to analyze human moods and tenses as she would demonstrate a problem to her class in algebra. No: when he would tell her he must at least be able to state his puzzle in reducible terms -and then the necessity would have eaten itself. So he argued and so it seemed to him, wherein he fell into the pit of error which over-sensitive persons, bedeviled or otherwise, dig for themselves. And the fact was this: Eleanor would have heard and understood, and her help would have been none the ess timely and efficient because she happened to be able to look out upon the world of hazard through cool gray eyes that were the windows of a soul steeped in serenity.

An opportunity for free speech came on the Sunday following Discombe's visit to the The Kestrows lived well back toward the granite ledge out of which Ridgeboro dug the major portion of its havings; and Discombe and Eleanor took their moderate Sunday pleasure in afternoon rambles among the quarries. One of the latter, a worked-out vein where the stone had become seamy and iron-smitten, was a favorite haunt with them. It was a deep gash in the hillside. with terraced slopes of weather-blackened stone, grim and forbidding, as an abandoned granite quarry is wont to be. At the bottom was a brown pool, unrippled and glassy, the metallic lustre of its surface reproducing the overhanging foliage of the ledge in sharplyetched patches of inky shadow.

The place was weird and uncanny, even in daytime, and it was trysting ground for none but the unsuperstitious. Half way up the side nearest the road a broad shelf overlooked the pool, and on this Discombe had built a rude throne out of the fragments of broken stone. Eleanor occupied the throne on the afternoon in question, while the young man was flat on his back on the sun-warmed granite, with his clasped hands for a pillow and his hat tilted to shut out the eye-piercing blue of the sky.

They had been talking of Eleanor's brother, a youth in whom had appeared, by a sudden turn of the atavistic wheel, the rollicking, bibulous, devil-may-care spirit of some longforgotten and most certainly ante-Puritan ancestor. While he remained at home, Henry Kestrow was a sore trial to steadygoing Ridgeboro; but when the news came from a remote western mining camp that he had given his life in a quarrel not of his own seeking, Ridgeboro forgave him and the Kestrows mourned not as those to whom sympathy is denied. Discombe had known the lad from childhood and had loved him as a brother. Wherefore his speech breathed

"I think I am coming to understand Henry's difficulties better than I used to," he said after a break in the conversation. "Evil is a many-sided affair, and it's not always to be accounted for by the rule of three."

Eleanor looked up quickly. "I'm glad you believe that; we must believe it unless we are prepared to discredit Christianity.'

"As how?" queried Discombe.
"I don't know that I can put it in words, but I'll try. We know that sin is the child of the will; but evil may be from within or without, and it may be too strong for us in either case.'

"But isn't the sin the same in any event?" Eleanor clasped her hands over the crook of her parasol and the cool gray eyes sought infinity in the depths of the pool for a moment before she replied.

"I think there is a distinction. If a man were to take a wild beast home with him, knowing its strength and fierceness, he would be responsible for all the dreadful things that would happen. If, living in a jungle where wild beasts were the rule, he left his door open at night, he would still be to blame, though certainly not in the same degree.'

Discombe sat up and tossed a pebble into the pool. "Now that I've broken its looking-glass, let's see if the oracle can say any more wise things," he said. "Your illustra-tion stops miles this side of the end."

"I know it," she replied, "it's a circle, and neither you nor I can square it, but I'll carry it out to another decimal place if you like. Let us suppose that the man shuts his door and fastens it, and that the wild beast comes and breaks it down. The resulting evil may be just the same, but the man's responsibility is lessened by just so much as he resisted.'

Discombe thought about it for a moment and then said: "That discredits Christianity."
"Why?"

"Because Christianity claims to furnish a lock for the door that can't be tampered with unless there's treason in the garrison. And the lock or bolt or bar, or whatever you may call it, is always available and is to be had for the asking."

"Ah, yes; but we don't always ask-that's the pity of it. It's for those who use bolts and bars of their own contriving that the oracle speaks."

"Yes, but to be respected, oracles ought to be original."

"I know it," she assented meekly; "I read it in a book, but that doesn't matter-it's all true.

"It's a ready-made plaster, that's what it is," said Discombe cynically. "See if you can put it on the weak spot in human nature.'

Eleanor had a sudden inspiration. "I will," she said quickly. "A book that we both believe tells of a class of persons called demoniacs. I can't say in what degree these poor possessed ones were responsible in the beginning, but I do know that the words of exorcism were always spoken to the demon and not to the man." There was a thrill of passionate tenderness in her voice and Discombe knew she was thinking of Henry.

"That was eighteen hundred years ago," he said reflectively. "Do you think there is still now and then one who is truly possessed

The sun had gone behind the ridge and the dank breath of the twilight was slowly filling the quarry pit. She rose and began to button her jacket. "Why not?" she asked. "As far as we know, human nature and de-

mon nature are unchanged. Let's go home, John; it's getting damp down here.

She was standing behind him and he turned while she was still struggling with the top button, "Let me," he said, and she lifted her chin that he might see. Their eyes met for an instant, and yielding to a sudden impulse, Discombe betrayed himself.

"I think I have a devil, Nellie," he said

"Why, John-you? As if anyone would believe that?"

"It's true," he insisted, "I know because I've had experience—that's the only way we know anything."

They climbed together from the shelf, and when they had left the shadows of the quarry behind, she said, "Tell me about it."

"I can't explain it; I only know that I am possessed, just like the people who used to put in their time cursing and raving in the graveyards around Jerusalem. There's this difference, though; my devil isn't permanent yet-he comes once in a while, when he can get a day off."

Eleanor did not push him into details because she saw that he had spoken impulsively. She was troubled, but, unlike Garth and the doctor, she had no difficulty in making a distinction between mania and malaria. When her lover said good-night at her father's gate, she went back to the dropped subject in a word of encouragement.

"Fight it from above, John," she said, "and-and come to me, if you will let me

help."

Discombe had peace for a fortnight after this. Then a small accident brought the visitation again with the suddenness of an electric shock. He was working under a locomotive boiler, drilling out scale-eaten stay-bolts with a ratchet-drill blocked above his head. After a time the blocking worked loose and a small avalanche of odds and ends fell upon his head. He held his breath and grappled fiercely for a moment with a frantic demon of violence. Then he went mad with blind rage, and a little later found that he had been making an unseemly exhibition of himself by scattering his tools and material to the four corners of the shop. Garth saw the outburst and was quite willing to let him go when he asked leave.

"You don't begin to be well, John," he said kindly. "You'd ought to do something for

yourself."

Discombe went out, and skirting the town, wandered aimlessly over the hills until evening. Twilight found him looking down at the black pool in the abandoned quarry, and he sat down on a stone and held his aching head in his hands. The struggle with the malignant spirit of ferocity had narrowed itself down to a bare conflict for self-control. Under the sore pressure of the evil hour, he felt that the ability to be once more master of himself would be purchased cheaply at any price. The thought had scarcely taken shape before it struck him that it was an offer to compromise with the devil, and he rejected it with a quiver of horror. It came back again and again, and finally refused to be driven away by any argument he could bring to oppose it. He did what he could, fought bravely until there was no more resistance in him, hesitated, wavered, burst into a fit of blasphemy that made the grim quarry pit ring with unhallowed echoes—and gave up the struggle.

In an instant the fury left him and a curious calm took its place. He rose and found his weariness gone; he plunged recklessly down the hillside, and found his steps so guided that it seemed impossible to trip or stumble. Passing the Kestrow house he met Eleanor coming from the library with a book. He stopped and spoke to her, and became suddenly possessed of a most miraculous gift of double intelligence. One side of his brain seemed to be occupied with the affairs of the moment, prompting his speech and enabling him to personate himself in the dialogue; while the other half was busy with a frightful discovery made by the help of the street lamp opposite. It was this: Eleanor's face, which had always stood to him as a type of chaste and intellectual beauty, was nothing more than a transparent mask for the soul of a Jezebel. The cool grey eyes became unfathomable wells of evil; the smiling lips were cruel and sensual; the curved nostril and rounded cheek and throat suggested nothing less hateful than the hideous grace of a serpent.

"Yes," he was saying, "I think it will be a good day tomorrow; I should enjoy going picnicking with the children myself. Can't you take me along as skipper? I could put in the day sailing the big schooner for the benefit of the small people," and coterminous with the amiable speech was the thought that it would be well to strangle this false Eleanor just where she stood, leaning against the fence. He could see the exact point where his thumb and fingers would meet in the soft flesh, and there was a vivid and pleasing picture of the lithe form bent back across the sharp points of the fence pickets in the death agony. It was only a thought, a suggestion, and yet when he had left her and gone on his way to Proctor's, there was a lingering regret as if he had wantonly thrown away an

opportunity.

That night he attacked his books with the feeling that he could finish the work of the entire term without stopping. Problems solved themselves at a glance; abstruse formulas were as clearly obvious as the simplest equation; before midnight he had discarded such trivial helps as the tables of logarithms, and was covering every scrap of paper he could find with diagrams and multi-figured calculations. When the blank paper gave out, he tore the fly-leaves from his books, and just beyond this point the mental mechanism slipped a cog. The idea fastened itself upon him that little Myra Proctor had been mutilating his books, and the speculative half of his brain began to suggest that she ought to be punished. He knew where she slept, in a crib, at the end of the hall: she was but a baby, to be sure, but she would be a woman some day-a woman like Eleanor, perhaps. Undeniably it was his duty to save her from such a fate, and presently he would see what was to be done about it.

Thereupon the details began to arrange themselves, projecting their outlines like those of a superimposed photograph upon the interminable rows and columns of figures. He would take the coverlet from his own bed and go quietly, kicking off his slippers and keeping in the middle of the passage where the floor-beams were. For a time he pushed the intention aside, not relentingly, but be-

cause it interfered with his figuring; but when it became so urgent as to overtop the mathematical frenzy, he got up to put it into effect. It would take but a few minutes, and then he could come back and go on with his work in peace.

He stripped the coverlet from his bed, folded it into a thick pad, and stepping out of his slippers, erept cautiously into the hall. The door creaked behind him and he closed it to shut out the glare from his study-lamp, and he waited to see if the noise had disturbed anyone. Everything was quiet, and he began to make his way noiselessly toward the bedroom at the end of the hall.

On the threshold he paused and stared into the room until his eyes became accustomed to the dim light. She was there, lying in her crib with her face turned toward the window. So much Discombe saw; but when he took a step toward her a thick darkness that could be felt filled the room with such bewildering suddenness that he lost the sense of direction and turned to go back for his lamp. Half way to his own door the inky blackness seemed to get into his brain; the coverlet slipped from his grasp and tripped him, and he fell and forgot in the same instant.

It was three hours later when he began to remember again, and when he opened his eyes Proctor was standing over him.

"What in time be you doin' out here, John? Why, gosh-all-Friday! I don't believe you've been in bed all night! You'll kill yourself, first you know, sittin' up over them books till you go crazy, and then coming out here t' sleep on the floor with nothin' but a counterpane under you."

Discombe sat up, rubbed his eyes and tried to remember how it was that he came to be asleep on the hall floor at three o'clock in the

morning, and Proctor rattled on.

"Caller come just now and routed me out; says two freights 've gone together down at Morton's Ferry, and Garth wants all hands to go on the wreck-train. S'pose you'll feel able to go?"

"Why—yes," assented Discombe, wondering vaguely why Proctor should doubt it. "I'll get into my old clothes and be ready as

soon as you are.'

He was as good as his word, and when they reached the shop the wrecking train was ready to pull out. It was an hour's run to Morton's Ferry, and the men soon stretched themselves on the floor of the tool car or sank into uncomfortable corners to add somewhat to the broken rest of the night. Discombe was not sleepy, and Garth came and sat beside him on a coiled hawser.

"Feeling any better this morning, John?" he asked.

Discombe hesitated. He was still trying to determine why anyone should question him as if he had been ill. "I haven't been sick," he said finally.

Garth shook his head. "You wa'n't a thousand miles from it yesterday. What did you do after you left the shop?"

Here was the thread Discombe had been blindly seeking. "What time was it when I went out?" he asked.

"About half past two."

"I went back on the ledge," he began; then, after another pause, "Garth, I can't remember. I recollect standing on the edge of the old Gwynn quarry just before dark; and

after that it seems as if I went to sleep and had a lot of bad dreams. I must have found my way home all right, though, because I was there when the caller came around."

"Yes, Proctor told me—asleep on the floor with your clothes on," said Garth. "'Twon't do, John; you'll never live to get your college papers if you don't put the brake on. You oughtn't to be here, now; and if you want to go back on number six when she transfers at the break, I'll let you off."

"I don't want to be let off. I never felt better in my life, and I'm not going to miss a chance to get in double time on a wreck

when it's thrown at me."

The wreck was a bad one. The ears of the two heavy freights were piled in confusion across the tracks, and it was late in the afternoon of the second day before the weary wrecking crew coupled the long string of "cripples" for the run to Ridgeboro.

Discombe felt well enough while the work lasted, but on the homeward journey, while he sat in the tool-car listening to the clanking of the wheels on the rails, his brain went into halves again without warning. He knew what was coming and fought for his sanity as the unshriven fight for breath wherewith to confess. In the midst of it Eleanor's promise to help came to him, and thereafter he strove only to gain time.

No one of the group of workmen guessed his trouble, not even Garth, who had propped himself on a pile of blocking with a chainfall for a pillow. Discombe made Garth's face his mental barometer. What time the face was that of the good-natured foreman himself, Discombe knew that he had the upper hand of the demon; but when Garth's eyes began to glow and the smile on his broad face changed slowly to a demoniac grin, Discombe set his teeth hard and drove his finger-nails into his palms until the pain steadied him again.

When the train reached Ridgeboro he was holding to the realities by the single thread of Eleanor's promise. He felt that he might yet overcome the persistent devil of madness if he could get speech with her, and to save time he jumped from the car as it passed the crossing nearest to Proctor's and ran up to his room. Stopping only long enough to change his clothes and to dip his head in a basin of cold water, he hurried down stairs to let himself out before Proctor should reach the house.

It was six o'clock and the streets were full of pedestrians; to Discombe the face of each was a hideous mask leering at him as he passed. More than once he had to shut his eyes and grope his way around little groups of monsters too terrible to look upon. When he reached the quiet street wherein the Kestrow's dwelt he was gasping for breath, but he pushed on until he stood before the gate; one other minute and the single-handed struggle would be over.

There was healing in the thought and his sight cleared as he felt for the gate-latch. While he was lifting it he heard a door slam, and looking up the hedge-bordered walk, he saw Eleanor coming toward him, her arm linked in that of a stranger—a man with flaming eyes and the face of an ape. Discombe left the gate fastened and crouched on the sidewalk to glare at the approaching figures. The devil was right then, after all;

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Personal Contact with Abraham Lincoln

Reminiscences written forty years ago regarding the martyred President by distinguished citizens of his time—Anecdotes by General U. S. Grant, General Benjamin F.

Butler and Chauncey M. Depew

NE of the most interesting of the thousands of books published on Abraham Lincoln is "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln" by "Distinguished Men of His Time," collected and edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, for many years before his death Editor of the North American Review, who wrote in his introduction the most thoroughly interesting character study of The Great American up to that time. The book was issued in 1886 by the North American Review Publishing Company of New York.



Lincoln the Lawyer
From an Ambrotype taken in 1856

There is nothing more absorbing to the American of today than words coming from those who had personal contact with Lincoln; who listened to his stories; observed his never-ending conflict with the enemies in his own camp as well as in the enemy camp, and followed closely his inspiring leadership.

The late Chauncey M. Depew in writing his reminiscences for Mr. Rice's book gave the observations of a rising young statesman of Lincoln's time:

"I saw Mr. Lincoln a number of times during the canvass for his second election. The characteristic which struck me most was his superabundance of common sense. His power of managing men, of deciding and avoiding difficult questions, surpassed that of any man I ever met. A keen insight of human nature had been cultivated by the trials and struggles of his early life. He knew the people and how to reach them better than any man of his time. I heard

Allen Thorndike Rice, the scholarly editor of North American Review from 1876 to the late 80's, was born in Boston, June 18, 1851. A graduate of the University of Oxford, after years of study in Germany, he also completed a course at the Columbia Law School, New York City. In 1876 he purchased the North American Review and became its editor, making the magazine non-partisan. He soon built up a large circulation through the world-wide interest created by articles of a controversial nature written for him by the most prominent men of that period. He organized and managed an expedition to Central America for the purpose of uncarthing the buried antiquities of that country, securing the co-operation of the French Government in the enterprise. The expedition was very successful and Mr. Rice was made an officer of the Legion of Honor of France. In 1884 he founded Le Matin, conducted it on the American plan and made it one of the leading morning journals of Paris. He was the first to recommend the Australian system of voting in the United States. He died on May 16, 1889, at the age of 38, shortly after his appointment by President Harrison as United States minister to Russia.

him tell a great many stories, many of which would not do exactly for the drawing-room; but for the person he wished to reach, and the object he desired to accomplish with the individual, the story did more than any argument could have done.

"He said to me once, in reference to some sharp criticisms which had been made upon his story-telling: "They say I tell a great many stories; I reckon I do, but I have found in the course of a long experience that common people'—and repeating it—'common people, take them as they run, are more easily influenced and informed through the mediums of a broad

illustration than in any other way, and as to what the hypercritical few may think, I don't care.'

"He said: 'I have originated but two stories in my life, but I tell tolerably well other people's stories.' He said that 'riding the circuit for many years and stopping at country taverns where were gathered the lawyers, jurymen, witnesses and clients, they would sit up all night, narrating to each other their life adventures; and that the things which happen to an original people, in a new country, surrounded by novel conditions, and told with the descriptive power and exaggeration which characterized such men, supplied him with an exhaustless fund of anecdote which could be made applicable for enforcing or refuting an argument better than all the invented stories of the world.' "Several times when I saw him, he

seemed to be oppressed not only with the labors of the position, but especially with care and anxiety growing out of the intense responsibility which he felt for the issue of the conflict and the lives which were lost. He knew the whole situation better than any man in the administration, and virtually carried on in his own mind not only the civic side of the government, but all the campaigns. And I knew when he threw himself (as he did once when I was there) on a lounge, and rattled off story after story, that it was his method of relief, without which he might have gone out of his mind, and certainly would not have been able to have accomplished anything like the amount of work which he did.

"Governor Seymour was elected on the Democratic ticket in 1862 as Governor of the State of New York, and the following year I was elected at the head of the Republican ticket as Secretary of State. A law was passed by the Legislature, which



The
Lincoln Memorial
Henry Bacon,
Architect

was Republican, to take the soldiers' vote. Well, ordinarily this duty would have devolved upon the Governor. Because the Legislature in this instance imposed it upon me, I spent much time in Washington endeavoring to get the data to send



House in which Lincoln Died, Washington, D. C.

out the necessary papers enabling the New York soldiers to vote. Under the Act each soldier was to make out his ballot, and it was to be certified by the commanding officer of his company or regiment, and then sent to some friend at his last voting place to be deposited on election day. It was therefore necessary for me to ascertain the location of every New York company and regiment. They were scattered all over the South, and in all the armies. Secretary Stanton refused to give me any information whatever, and, finally, with a great deal of temper informed me one day that information of that character given to politicians would reach the newspapers, and through them the enemy, and in that way the Confederates would know by the location of the New York troops precisely the condition and situation of every army corps, brigade, and battery. As I was leaving the War Department I met Mr. Washburne and the Marshal of the district coming in. Mr. Washburne said: Depew, you seem to be in a state of considerable excitement.' I told him of my interview with Mr. Stanton, and that I was going home to New York, and would publish in the morning papers a card that the soldiers' votes could not be taken, owing to the action of Secretary Stanton. And I added: 'I can inform you that a failure to get them will lose Mr. Lincoln the electoral vote of New York.' Mr. Washburne said: 'You don't know Lincoln; he is as good a politician as he is President, and if there was no other way to get those votes he would go round with a carpet-bag and collect them himself.' He asked me to wait until the President could be informed

as to the facts. I stood in the corridor leading to Mr. Stanton's room and in about fifteen minutes an orderly came out and said the Secretary wanted to see Mr. Depew. I went in, and Secretary Stanton met me with the most cordial politeness; inquired when I arrived in Washington, if I had any business with his department, and whether he could do anything for me. I restated to him what I had already stated at least half a dozen times before. He sent me with an order so peremptory to the head of one of the bureaus, that I left Washington that night with a list and location of every organization of New York troops.

"When I reached New York I summoned the officers of the express companies of that day to know if they could get the packages containing the blanks for the soldiers' votes to the various regiments and companies and batteries of New York troops, scattered as they were all over the South. Without consultation, they said it could not be done. I then sent for old Mr. Butterfield, the originator of the American Express Company, and stated the case to him. He said they were organized for such purposes, and if they could not accomplish them they had better disband. He then undertook to arrange through the various express companies, by his own direct superintendence, to secure the safe delivery in time to every company-and he succeeded.

"This anecdote illustrates the difference between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton. Mr. Stanton, in his anxiety to protect the inviolability of the secrets of his depart-

"While Mr. Lincoln's appreciation of humor was wonderful, I do not think his estimate of humor was very critical. He told me that, in his judgment, one of the two best things he ever originated was this: He was trying a cause in Illinois where he appeared for a prisoner charged with aggravated assault and battery. The complainant had told a horrible story of the attack, which his appearance fully justified, when the district attorney handed the witness over to Mr. Lincoln for cross-examination. Mr. Lincoln said he had no testimony, and unless he could break down the complainant's story he saw no way out. He had come to the conclusion that the witness was a bumptious man, who rather prided himself upon his smartness in repartee, and so, after looking at him for some minutes, he said: 'Well, my friend, how much ground did you and my client here fight over?' The fellow answered: 'About six acres.' 'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'don't you think that this is an almighty small crop of fight to gather from such a big piece of ground?" The jury laughed, the court and district attorney and complainant all joined in, and the case was laughed out of court.

"His skill in parrying troublesome questions was wonderful. I was in Washington at a critical period of the war, when the late John Ganson, of Buffalo, one of the ablest lawyers in our State, and who, though elected as a Democrat, supported all Mr. Lincoln's war measures, called on him for explanations. Mr. Ganson was very bald, with perfectly smooth face, and had a most direct and aggressive way of



Cabin of Lincoln's Parents on Goose-Nest Prairie, Illinois

ment, was unable to see that if the administration of which he was a member was defeated in the election, the most disastrous result to the cause which he had at heart might follow, while Mr. Lincoln comprehended at once that the minor danger was of no moment in comparison with the end to be gained.

stating his views, or of demanding what he thought he was entitled to. He said: 'Mr. Lincoln, I have supported all of your measures, and think I am entitled to your confidence. We are voting and acting in the dark in Congress, and I demand to know—think I have the right to ask and to know—what is the present situation,

and what are the prospects and conditions of the several campaigns and armies.' Mr. Lincoln looked at him quizzically for a moment, and then said: 'Ganson, how clean you shave!' Most men would have been offended, but Ganson was too broad and intelligent a man not to see the point and retire at once, satisfied, from the field.

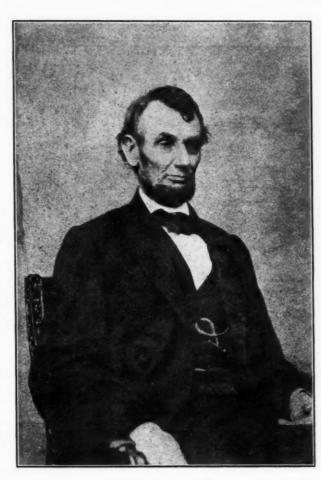
"The late Schuyler Colfax told me that he was present at an interview accorded to the representatives of the moneyed interests of New York, when the *Merrimac* escaped from Hampton Roads and was supposed to be making its way to that

"The delegation arose one after another, one man stating that he was worth \$10,-000,000, and another that he represented \$50,000,000, and another that he was worth several millions of dollars and represented many times as many millions more; and that they had paid their taxes, subscribed to the Government's loans, and ought to be protected. Mr. Lincoln said: Well, gentlemen, the Government has no vessel as yet, that I know of, which can sink the Merrimac, and our resources, both of money and credit, are strained to the utmost. But if I had as much money as you say you have got, and was as "skeered" as you seem to be, I would find means to prevent the Merrimac ever reaching my property.'

"Mr. Lincoln's avidity for a new story was very great. I remember once at a reception, as the line was passing and he was shaking hands with each one in the usual way, that he stopped a friend of mine who was moving immediately ahead of me. He whispered something in his ear, and then listened attentively for five minutes—the rest of us waiting, devoured with curiosity as to what great secret of state could have so singularly interrupted the festival. I seized my friend the instant we passed the President, as did everybody else who knew him, to find out what the communciation meant. I learned that he had told Mr. Lincoln a first-class anecdote a few days before, and the President, having forgotten the point, had arrested the movement of three thousand guests in order to get it on the spot.

"He had a very sharp controversy with Mr. Greeley with reference to what was known as the Clifton House proposition

for the settlement of the war. Thompson, Clay and Saunders appeared at the Clifton House, Canada, and gave out that they were commissioners from the Confederate commissioners (two of whom Mr. Greeley knew intimately as old Whig politicians), and ascertain whether they had any credentials, then report to him. Instead



Abraham Lincoln President

Government, entitled to treat for peace. Mr. Greeley wrote a letter to Mr. Lincoln, in which he said, among other things, that, if Mr. Lincoln did not meet these commissioners in the same spirit, he would be held personally responsible, by his countrymen and by posterity, for every drop of blood that was thereafter shed, every dollar that was thereafter spent. Mr. Lincoln then wrote a private letter to Mr. Greeley, requesting him to go quietly to Niagara Falls to see the alleged

of that, Mr. Greeley sat himself down at the Cataract House as a sort of minister plenipotentiary, and, surrounded by a cloud of reporters, proceeded to communicate by formal messages with the gentlemen at the Clifton House. The matter became to embarrassing to the government, that Mr. Lincoln recalled Mr. Greeley, and issued his famous "To all whom it may concern;" saying in substance that, if if any one was authorized by the Confederate Government to treat for peace, he should have safe conduct to Washington and return.

"It turned out that Thompson, Clay and Saunders had no authorization whatever, as Mr. Lincoln suspected. Mr. Greeley, however, never would believe this, and every few days he criticised the conduct of the President with great severity. It annoyed Mr. Lincoln probably more than anything which happened during his administration.

ministration.

"He was talking the matter over one day, and complaining of the injustice to himself involved in Mr. Greeley's criticisms, and the false light in which they

mine who enjoyed Mr. Lincoln's confidence, said, with great earnestness:

"'Why don't you publish these facts
in a card; they will be printed in every

put him before the country. A friend of

The Lincoln Homestead, Springfield, Illinois

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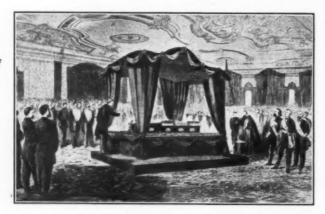
newspaper in the United States? The people will then understand exactly your position, and your vindication will be complete.'

"Mr. Lincoln replied: 'Yes, all the newspapers will publish my letter, and so will that he was also a general of the rarest ability."

General Benjamin F. Butler, the "Stormy Petrel" in the politics of Massachusetts during Civil War times and also

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The Funeral of Lincoln



Greeley. The next day he will take a line and comment upon it, and he will keep it up, in that way, until, at the end of three weeks, I will be convicted out of my own mouth of all the things which he charges against me. No man, whether he be private citizen or President of the United States, can successfully carry on a controversy with a great newspaper, and escape destruction, unless he owns a newspaper equally great, with a circulation in the same neighborhood.'

"While Mr. Lincoln was in the broadest sense a statesman—comprehending thoroughly the situation as it stood, the things necessary to be done to re-establish the unity of the Republic on a permanent basis, and the materials with which he had to bring about the desired results—he was at the same time a thoroughly practical politician. He knew the value of 'workers,' as they are called, of trained politicians, of political methods, and precisely how to utilize them, better than any man in his Cabinet or out of it, with the exception of Thurlow Weed.

"When we come to consider, however, his place in history, the human side of his character, his humor, his fondness of enecdote, his keen apprehension of character, his rough-and-ready way of handling men will be forgotten. He did enough of solid and enduring work to place him among the very few supremely great men this country has produced. No conditions had before existed nor can ever again arise which will put it in the power of another statesman to issue an emancipation proclamation.

"His controversy with Douglas and his speech at Gettysburg will continue him in the front rank of American Presidents, while, more and more, as the facts are sifted, and minor details drop out so that only the great salient points of the civil war and its results are seen, the world will find that he discovered first the weaknesses of generals, and removed them; the defects of plan of campaign, and repaired them; and that he was not only one of the greatest of constructive statesmen, but

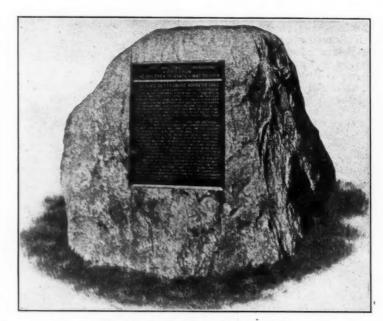
for many years thereafter, became one of the greatest admirers of Lincoln and wrote his reminiscences in a characteristic manner:

"I am asked to give some reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. I have so many and pleasant ones that I do not know where to begin unless at the beginning.

"I first saw Lincoln in 1840, making a speech in that memorable campaign, in

this. I received my orders to prepare my brigade to march to Washington while trying a cause to a jury. I stated the fact to the court and asked that the case might be continued, which was at once consented to, and I left to come here the second morning after, my business in utter confusion.' He said: 'I guess we both wish we were back trying cases,' with a quizzical look upon his countenance. I said: 'Besides, Mr. President, you may not be aware that I was the Breckinridge candidate for Governor in my State in the last campaign, and did all I could to prevent your election.' 'All the better,' he said: I hope your example will bring many of the same sort with you.' 'But,' I answered, 'I do not know that I can support the measures of your administration, Mr. President.' 'I do not care whether you do or not,' was his reply, 'if you will fight for the country.' 'I will take the commission and loyally serve while I may, and bring it back to you when I can go with you no 'That is frank; but tell me further.' wherein you think my administration wrong before you resign,' he said. 'Report to General Scott.'

"I was assigned to the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and didn't see Mr. Lincoln again until after the capture of Hatteras, about the first of September, the news of which I was able to bring him in person, and he gave me leave to come home and look after my private business, as I had been re-



The Lincoln Boulder at Nyack, N. Y.

the City Hall at Lowell; and not again till I was more than twenty-one years older, when I called on him at the White House to make acknowledgments for my appointment as major-general. When he handed me the commission, with some kindly words of compliment, I replied: 'I do not know whether I ought to accept

lieved from command at Fortress Monroe by Brevet Lieutenant-General Wool.

"When I returned to Washington, Lincoln sent for me, and after greetings said: 'General, you are out of a job; now, if we only had the troops, I would like to have an expedition either against Mobile, New Orleans, or Galveston. Filling up regi-

ments is going on very slowly.' I said: 'Mr. President, you gave me permission to tell you when I differed from the action of the administration.' He said hastily: 'You think we are wrong, do you?' I said: 'Yes. in this: You are making this too much a party war. That perhaps is not the fault of the administration but the result of political conditions. All the northern Governors are Republicans, and they of course appoint only their Republican friends as officers or regiments, and then the officers only recruit Republicans. Now this war cannot go on as a party war. You must get the Democrats in it, and there are thousands of patriotic Democrats who would go into it if they could see any opportunity on equal terms with Republicans. Besides, it is not good politics. An election is coming on for Congressmen next year, and if you get all the Republicans sent out as soldiers and the Democrats not interested, I do not see but you will be beaten.' He said: 'There is meat in that, General,' a favorite expression of his, 'what is your suggestion?' I said: Empower me to raise volunteers for the United States and select the officers, and I will go to New England and raise a division of 6,000 men in sixty days. If you give me power to select the officers I shall choose all Democrats. And if you put epaulets on their soldiers they will be as true to the country as I hope I am.' He said: 'Draw such an order as you want, but don't get me into any scrape with the Governors about the appointments of the officers if you can help it.' The order was signed, the necessary funds were furnished the next day, and I started for New England; in ninety days I had 6,000 men enlisted, and was ordered to make preparations for an expedition to Ship Island, and the last portion of that expedition sailed on the 25th of February, 1862.

"All the New England Governors appointed Democratic officers of my selection save one. And this plan was followed by Governors of the Northern and Western States, which had not been done before in cases of civilians who had not been educated at West Point. Before I left Washington I called upon the President to take leave of him. He received me very cordially, and said: "Good-by, General; get into New Orleans if you can, and the backbone of the rebellion will be broken. It is of more importance than anything else that can now be done: but don't interfere with the slavery question, as Fremont has done in St. Louis, and as your man Phelps has been doing on Ship Island,' I said: 'May I not arm the negroes?' He said: 'Not yet; not yet.' I said: 'Jackson did.' He answered: 'But not to fight against their masters, but with them.' I replied: 'I will wait for the word or the necessity, Mr. President.' 'That's right; God be with you.'

"On my return from New Orleans the first of January, 1863, I received from an officer of a revenue cutter in New York harbor a kindly note from Lincoln asking me to come to Washington at once, with which I complied. After greetings, I said: 'Why was I relieved, Mr. President, from

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command at New Orleans?' 'I do not know, General,' was the answer; 'something about foreign affairs; ask Seward. Do you want to go back again to the Mississippi River, General?' 'No, Mr. President, not unless I can go back to New Orleans.' He then produced a map which had been colored according to the proportion of white and slave population in the United States bordering on the Mississippi, and said: 'See that black cloud, General. If it is not under some control soon, shall we not have trouble there? Hadn't you better go down to Vicksburg?' No,' I said, 'the black cloud you can control by coming up the river as well as going down. I prefer to go home rather than to go anywhere him in the evening out to the Soldiers' Home, some two miles, a portion of the way being quite lonely. He had no guard -not even an orderly on the box. I said to him: 'Is it known that you ride thus alone at night out to the Soldiers' Home?' 'Oh, yes,' he answered, 'when business detains me until night. I do go out earlier as a rule.' I said: 'I think your peril too much. We have passed a half dozen places where a well-directed bullet might have taken you off.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'assassination of public officers is not an American crime. But perhaps it would relieve the anxiety of anxious friends which you express if I had a guard.' The next morning I spoke to Stanton about it,



Log Cabin Birthplace of Lincoln

else in the south-west than to New Orleans." He said: 'I am sorry, General, that you won't go. I can't send you to New Orleans without doing injustice to General Banks, who has not yet been tried there.' 'And I can't consistently with self-respect go anywhere else in the south-west from which I have just been relieved.'

"Some months after this interview, being at Washington on some business matter, I called to pay my respects to the President, and he said to me jocosely, Well, General, you have some time with nothing to do but look on; any more criticism?' I said: 'Yes, Mr. President, the bounties which are now being paid to new recruits cause very large desertions. Men desert and go home, and get the bounties and enlist in other regiments.' 'That is too true', he replied, 'but how can we prevent 'By vigorously shooting every man who is caught as a deserter until it is found to be a dangerous business.' A saddened, weary look came over his face which I had never seen before, and he slowly replied, 'You may be right-probably are so; but God help me, how can I have a butcher's day every Friday in the Army on the Potomac?' The subject seemed to me to be too painful to him to be further pursued. In the later summer I was invited by the President to ride with and he afterward insisted upon the President having a guard.

"In November, 1863, I received an order to proceed to Fort Monroe and resume command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, relieving General Foster. En route through Washington I called upon the President and thanked him for this mark of confidence, and he said: 'Yes, General, I believe in you, but not in shooting deserters. As commander of a department, you can now shoot them for yourself. But let me advise you not to amuse yourself by playing billiards with a rebel officer who is a prisoner of war.' And it was thus that I learned one of the causes for General Foster's being relieved, which was for playing billiards with General Fitz Hugh Lee, then a prisoner of war. He then said: 'I wish you would give all the attention you can to raising negro troops; large numbers of negroes will probably come to you. I believe you raised the first ones in New Orleans.' I said: 'Yes, Mr. President, except General Hunter at South Carolina, whose negro troops were disbanded by your order.' 'Yes,' he said laughing, 'Hunter is a very good fellow, but he was a little too previous in that.' He then said good-naturedly: "Don't let Davis catch you, General; he has put a price on your head; he will hang you sure.' I answered: 'That is

a game two can play at, Mr. President. If I ever catch him I will remember your scruples about capital punishment, and relieve you from any trouble with them in his case. He has outlawed me, and if I get hold of him I shall give him the law of the outlaw after a reasonable time to say his prayers.'

Lincoln visited my department twice while I was in command. He was personally a very brave man, and gave me the worst fright of my life. He came to my headquarters and said: 'General, I should like to ride along your lines and see them, and see the boys and how they are situated in camp.' I said: 'Very well, we will go after breakfast.' I happened to have a very tall, easy-riding, pacing horse, and as the President was rather long-legged, I tendered him the use of him while I rode

which was about the length of my intrenchments in that position, amusing himself at intervals, where there was nothing more attractive, in a sort of competitive examination of the commanding-general in the science of engineering, much the amusement of my engineer-inchief, General Weitzel, who rode on my left, and who was kindly disposed to prompt me while the examination was going on, which attracted the attention of Mr. Lincoln, who said: 'Hold on Weitzel, I can't beat you, but I think I can beat Butler.'

"I give this incident to show his utter unconcern under circumstances of very great peril, which kept the rest of us in a continued and quite painful anxiety. When we reached the left of the line we turned off toward the hospitals, which

record, had some doubts as to the entire sufficiency of the evidence. The order for execution at a future day had been promulgated, and although I might have commuted the sentence even them, yet I thought a pardon had better come from the President, perhaps induced by the thought that pardon from him would be no reflection upon the court, or intimation that the commanding general ever had any occasion to change his mind upon such matter. I called upon the President, laid the record down before him, and in a few words explained it. He looked up and said: 'You are asking me to pardon some poor fellow! Give me that pen.' And in less time than I can tell it the pardon was ordered without further investigation.

"Indeed the President didn't keep his promise to allow me to execute whom I pleased as Commander of the Department, for he was not unfrequently sending down telegraphic orders to have some convicted person sent to the Dry Tortugas.

"I have given only such incidents, free from all observation of my own, as will tend to illustrate his character, and will content myself with one which develops

another phase.

"It will be remembered that, like all Southern men, Mr. Lincoln did not understand the negro character. He doubted very much whether the negro and the white man could possibly live together in any other condition than that of slavery; and early after the emancipation proclamation he proposed to Congress to try the experiment of negro colonization in order to dispose of those negroes who should come within our lines. And, as I remember, speaking from memory only, attempted to make some provision at Demerara, through the agency of Senator Pomeroy, for colonizing the negroes. The experiment was not fully carried out, the reasons for which are of no moment here.

"Lincoln was very much disturbed after the surrender of Lee, and he had been to Richmond, upon the question of what would be the results of peace in the Southern States as affected by the contiguity of the white and black races. Shortly before the time, as I remember it, when Mr. Seward was thrown from his carriage and severely injured, being then in Washington, the President sent for the writer, and said: 'General Butler, I am troubled about the negroes. We are soon to have peace. We have got some one hundred and odd thousand negroes who have been trained to arms. When peace shall come I fear lest these colored men shall organize themselves in the South, especially in the States where the negroes are in preponderance in numbers. into guerrilla parties, and we shall have down there a warfare between the whites and the negroes.'

"I left the office, called upon the Secretary of State, who received me kindly, and explained in a few words what the President wanted. He said: 'Yes, General, I know that the President is greatly worried upon this subject. He has spoken to me of it frequently, and yours may be a solution of it; but today is my mail day. I am very much driven with what must be

Deathbed of Lincoln



beside him on a pony. He was dressed, as was his custom, in a black suit, a swallow-tail coat, and tall silk hat. As there rode on the other side of him at first Mr. Fox, the Secretary of the Navy, who was not more than five feet six inches in height, he stood out as a central figure of the group. Of course the staff officers and orderly were behind. When we got to the line of entrenchment, from which the line or rebel pickets was not more than 300 yards, he towered high above the works, and as we came to several encampments the boys all turned out and cheered him lustily. Of course the enemy's attention was wholly directed to this performance, and with the glass it could be plainly seen that the eyes of their officers were fastened upon Lincoln; and a personage riding down the lines cheered by the soldiers was a very unusual thing, so that the enemy must have known that he was there. Both Mr. Fox and myself said to him, 'Let us ride on the side next to the enemy, Mr. President. You are in fair rifle-shot of them, and they may open fire; and they must know you, being the only person not in uniform, and the cheering of the troops directs their attention to you.' 'Oh, no,' he said laughing, 'the commander-in-chief of the army must not show any cowardice in the presence of his soldiers, whatever he may feel.' And he insisted upon riding the whole six miles, were quite extensive and kept in most admirable order by my medical director, Surgeon McCormack. The President passed through all the wards, stopping and speaking very kindly to some of the poor fellows as they lay on their cots, and occasionally administering a few words of commendation to the ward master. Sometimes when reaching a patient who showed much suffering, the President's eyes would glisten with tears. The effect of his presence upon these sick men was wonderful, and his visit did great good, for there was no medicine which was equal to the cheerfulness which his visit so largely inspired.

"I accompanied him to Fort Monroe, and afterward to Fort Wool, which is on the middle ground between the channels at Hampton Roads. As we sat at dinner, before we took the boat for Washington, his mind seemed to be preoccupied, and he hardly did justice to the best dinner our resources could provide for him. I said: 'I hope you are not unwell; you do not eat, Mr. President.' 'I am well enough,' was the reply; 'but would to God this dinner or provisions like it were with our poor prisoners in Andersonville.'

"Not long afterward I had occasion to visit Washington, and I took with me the record of a court-martial wherein I had approved a sentence of death, and, upon reflection and re-examination of the

Continued on page 234

Canals and Natural Waterways

The Old Trackless Highways of Commerce Again Rise into Importance. Ancient, Moss-grown Canals stand as Mute Reminders of Man's Ingenuity in the Past—Will the Canal Rival the Railroad in a Race for Trade?

By EDNA A. FOSTER

ATER," said Herbert Hoover, "is our greatest undeveloped resource."
This statement is not based upon theories but upon solid facts and figures. As an engineer of long experience and as an expert economist, our future president further said, "forty-four million horse power can be tapped, eighteen thousand miles of rivers can be utilized and thirty million acres of land reclaimed by intelligent development."

The subject of artificial waterways and canals once more engages the attention of the public. The foresighted see the possibilities of new trade routes, the rise of new ports along such routes and the cap-

ture of increased foreign trade.

Rivers and streams existed and when man realized that they could contribute to comfort and advancement, means were devised to establish intercommunication and to transport material in bulk. The slow gliding of objects on the water's surface must have suggested transportation: draining off water from land by means of ditches no doubt brought about the first inception of canals. A primitive people set about to invent water craft which has played such an important part in the history of civilization. That their craft might come more closely to the shore, wharfs and piers naturally followed. With the crudest tools and with no real knowledge of engineering, substantial canals were built long before the Christian era. Historians generally agree that canals were used in Egypt at least nine thousand years before Christ. It is definitely recorded that the Mediteranean and the Red Sea were connected as early as 1380 B. C. and that the old Suez passageway had been in use for several cen-

Heroditus, the "Father of History," a man whose travels are shrouded in some obscurity but who did reach Babylon wrote about the workable canal of that country as one of the wonders of the world. This was four hundred and fifty years before Christ and less than two hundred years later, Nebuchadnezzar, very old and exceedingly wise, rebuilt the great waterway. The abandonment of this trade route fell into disuse when other ways were opened, for the course of trade is like that of the tides that take their direction whether or no,-often devasting the old and creating the new. It is the age-old story of reaching a given point in the shortest space of time.

Seemingly the eastern countries woke simultaneously to the value of water trade routes. The 4,000,000,000 Chinese could not have subsisted without the use of their streams for transporting produce but their

Grand Canal was not completed until the fourteenth century. Marco Polo, one of the first and original travelogists, returned from travels to recite the wonders of China where he saw vessels raised from one level to another. He was not able to explain how and so the credit of inventing locks is given to the canal country—Holland.

To the Romans, roads seemed most appealing as they were forever seeking new possessions or busy with wars which emptied their treasuries. They did however connect the Rhone with the sea. With few enterprises to serve as models, the ingenuous French built a canal between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, a course one hundred and forty-eight miles long. The Kiel canal opened the Baltic to the Germans and the Manchester Ship Canal of England was constructed thirty-five miles long.

Having employed canals in their European homes, those who migrated to America naturally made use of water routes or created new ones. Holland is supposed to have given us the canal for no sooner were the Dutch here than they began to construct these passageways. The wilderness answered to the call of Indians and vast tracts of uninhabited land remained to be explored when a canal was dug across New Amsterdam-now Broad Street-and old Canal Street in New York received its name from its canal. However, at the same time Mexico knew its communications by water for Mexico City was built with a canal system. This fact is another reason why investigators have propounded the theory that Egyptians were in Yucatan and Mexico centuries before the Spaniards. Certain it is that canals pushed their way into the interior. The early settlers had founded their communities on the coast but they began gradually to explore the rivers and the country lying beyond. Our natural waterways played a tremendous part in the pioneering of the Middle West. Along the path of canals, new industries sprang up, residential sections were changed, old landmarks toppled and fell, while in sequestered places the smoke of industry rose to blacken the landscape but also to create our great cities. These early settlers found that the sea-altho a friend to man-had to be outwitted and harbors were improved and deepened. Civilization pushed into the interior and waterways came more and more into use, bringing merchandise to the ports.

In 1724 the Surveyor General of the Colonies, urged by a popular interest, gave some consideration to the Great Lakes route to the Atlantic. West of the Alleghanies in-

dustries had grown and the population had increased. These colonies were not financially able to take up any great project and so the various plans for water development in that section did not come to completion.

George Washington, engineer, in company with Governor Clinton and Alexander Hamilton made a journey on horseback of 680 miles through New York State led by Washington's vision of creating a trade route. This was at the close of the Revolution when industries were reabsorbing men and there was a period of reconstruction, but gigantic forces were in operation and prosperity increased. The words of Washington were prophetic. He said, "I could not help taking a more extensive view of the vast inland navigation of the United States and the goodness of Providence which had dealt its favors to us with so profuse a hand. Would to God we may have wisdom enough to improve them."

The Great Erie Canal was the first to connect the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Seaboard. It was built in 1825, was over three hundred and forty miles long and cost \$139,214,929. Along its route towns that had been insignificant increased in importance. At the close of the Revolution, New York had about ten thousand inhabitants and post war conditions were deplorable with industries at a standstill. After the opening of the canal the city grew to be metropolis of the country. Her destiny was changed. In 1875 her registered shipping was 9500 vessels but her growth began and today it is estimated that one-half of the foreign trade of the United States passes out of its harbor. Like a mammoth fringe, docks and piers are thrust outward from Manhattan Island and through the Narrows beyond some great water craft passes every two or three minutes. Two great rivers meet at her water front giving about 115 miles of deep water.

Before the Erie canal was built, the Champlain had been put into operation at a cost of over twenty-one millions; the Schuylkill in 1825, the Oswego in 1828, Harvey's in 1835, the Chesapeake and Delaware, the Lehigh, the Morris and Essex and the Cayuga and Seneca. Even earlier than that (in 1794) Virginia had built the Lake Drum, and Louisiana the Old Basin.

New York has been most fortunate in the gift of many waters and there is chance for vast development still. Good engineering went into the building of the Morris and Essex canal which crossing the hills climbed 915 feet from its terminal in the Hudson. The United States was patterning after Europe where canal building was carried on at an amazing extent.

Except the importance of the Panama Canal as a ship carrying channel and of its obvious use in time of war, the New York Barge Canal must be considered the most important of all artificial waterways. It is estimated that at least 8,000,000 live within a radius of twenty miles along its course and the chimneys of innumerable industries etch the sky line all along its way. From its original course, spurs lead off to Syracuse and Rochester.

The effect of this canal construction was the lowering of freight rates and in most cases the tolls paid along the canal covered the cost of enterprise. In the old days the canal boats carried both freight and pas-

sengers.

It was a leisurely adventure to make a journey in this fashion. No gas or car smoke to breathe, no jar nor sound of whistle to break in on one's reverie and one idly passed along-often under the shade of great overhanging limbs or watched the farmers at work in nearby fields. It was almost like sailing on dry land. Mule power was in general use and many a man, afterward great in his time and a leader among the many, has paced along the bank keeping the mules in motion. There was always a little interest at the locks when the barge changed from one level to another; if the distance made it necessary to pass the night at a lock, the captain usually rallied a few helpers and provided music or other entertainment-something of the showboat style. This, however, was oftener true of the canal service from one city to another.

Anyone who is a good adventurer on foot, will find some pleasure in following the windings of old moss-grown channels that stand as mute reminders of the time when the speed by canal was four miles an hour. The formation of the banks is unmistakable and tracing the windings, one comes upon a bit of stone work or rotting log that marked the position of a lock. Nature has kindly thrown a screen of wandering vines over the jagged scar across her fields—a scar that tells the story of how the canals, as passenger carriers, were superseded by the entrance of the "Iron Horse."

Before the Boston and Lowell Railroad was built, such a canal connected the city of Lowell, with Charlestown. It was twenty-seven miles long and thirty feet wide and left the Merrimac River, near the Falls of that name, and ran to Mystic Lake in Medford; thence it turned toward Charlestown. It was a canal of vast usefulness in its time for it allowed the lumbermen of New Hampshire to ship logs direct to Boston. Indeed, the canal was a factor if not a reason for the creation of a city, for after its completion manufacturing increased and Lowell, the first to introduce the power loom, became the first great manufacturing city.

After the old Boston and Lowell railroad was built, the profits of the canal fell off and then began that race for speed which characterizes our present time as well.

* * *

When steel tracks were thrust out across the country and new territory of the west was opened and developed, it became apparent that in some respects the canals were destined. Great trunk lines, co-operating as they still do, with cities and towns, invited exploration of natural resources. A network of great railroads diverted the tide of trade and some canals fell into utter disuse. The tide of commerce moved westward and on the Pacific coast ports rose in importance. Now, it is estimated that \$1,000,000,000 worth of foreign trade passes through Pacific ports.

Stretching down from the Great Lake regions vast railroad lines cross and recross rivers and speed on to the coast. Because of this it is said that artificial waterways can never compete in point of speed but on the other hand, water freight will always be cheaper than rail freight because of the manner of handling. When waterways allow continuous passage there is far less expense because transshipment is avoided. To be sure the canals cannot penetrate the yards of factories as can a spur of the railroad and this all leaves room for argument about the future. It resolves itself to the question of perishable or non-perishable freight. The canal boat is more capacious for rapid loading but the railroad has speed. With the farmer's needs in view, canal freight-cost is, at present, a subject that economists are carefully studying.

Herbert Hoover has pointed out four purposes that would be benefitted by the development of our water supply, namely, irrigation, water power, navigation and land

reclamation.

The digging of canals has been the means of discovering resources, cement in the hills, coal in the river banks; these artificial streams have helped to build the country and many believe that they will once more take an active part in our history.

The United States might be said to be equipped with natural channels and rivers that rise in close proximity which would enable the country to create an extended water system that would outrival any country in the world. There are 14,000 miles of navigable rivers furnishing a depth of at least three feet. Dredging would be the simplest matter and the cost would be small. To even the mere student of the map, many waterways suggest themselves. As a starting point the Great Lakes and the Mississippi occupy a central point and the eastern regions have countless inland streams.

At the present time the project that is receiving the greatest attention is the possibility of a St. Lawrence Ship Canal. This would be second in importance to Panama. The West and Northwest would greatly profit. The proposition is not free from some international complications, but very close to one hundred years, the great boundary between the United States and Canada has been kept inviolate and there is no one rash enough to look for anything disturbing. It would be a great uniting of the resources along its course as well as a growth of foreign trade.

The canal across New Jersey to unite New York and the Delaware River, and the perfect line of bays and inlets all along the shore from Cape May to Sandy Hook are facts attracting the attention of those interested in canal building. Work has been going on since 1908 and it suggests further

work in linking up coast cities.

Another great scheme is to eliminate the Florida peninsular. The long trip round Cape Sable might be avoided in a journey to the Gulf States; a sea level canal across Georgia and Florida—266 miles long—has been proposed. This would mean the creation of many southern ports. Cotton, the touchstone of industry, could be carried very cheaply to foreign ports if there were a linking in the freight routes to the coast.

Canada has protested against a waterway connecting the Great Lakes and the Gulf, their argument being that Lake Michigan might be drained and in course of time Canadian ports would suffer. The potential power and control of the Mississippi is a

question constantly in the air.

It seems too great a prophecy—and yet it has been made—that a coastal canal would unite Maine with the Rio Grande. Nature has done a greater part of the work—a considerable part of the water way is now in operation and the Cape Cod Canal is one important link in the chain. In the event of this great chain being established, Boston which played such a part in commerce with her clipper ships, may rouse herself to make important moves on the chessboard of trade.

The waterway projects and plans are legion and no man is more alive to the question than our incoming and economicallyefficient president. Ever since Balboa climbed the heights and discovered the Pacific, man has been considering and conceiving new passages through which trade might flow and great treasures of natural resource developed to become the possession of the people. That is one of the great ideals of Herbert Hoover-even is his conception of the country's development through greater waterways or by any other means-that the people, the home and the individual shall benefit.



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Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

SENATOR GEORGE H. MOSES.

During the excitement of a political campaign, Senator George H. Moses gave me his "heart throb" in his usual crisp, staccato and forceful way of speaking. I had expected something rather dramatic, comporting with the characteristics of the lively young Senator from New Hampshire who keeps the opposing political leaders on tenterhooks in the Senate. Imagine my surprise when his blue eyes softened behind the pince nez glasses and he began repeating the well-known lines of Whittier:

I know not what the future hath Of marvel or surprise; Assured alone that life and death His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak To bear an untried pain, The bruised reed He will not break, But strengthen and sustain.

No offerings of my own I have, No works my faith to prove; I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love.

And so, beside the silent sea, I wait the muffled oar; No harm from Him can come to me On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air; only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care.

The last words were given impressively and he continued without interruption:

"My father was a preacher, and I was born in the State of Maine. Have seen much of the world and had to read a good deal of what is called literature while at Dartmouth, but I never have heard or read anything that goes so directly to the heart and smoothes every ruffled feeling within so completely as the lines of the Quaker

George H. Moses came to New Hampshire from his native Pine Tree State at an early age, and early took up newspaper work under the tutelage of the late W. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy. He has been active in politics from the time he was able to speak, to say nothing of the time when he was permitted to cast his first vote. As chairman of the Republican National Convention that nominated Herbert Hoover at Kansas City in 1928, he injected a human element that is not customary at such pretentious and dignified gatherings. He gave the people a side glimpse of the Senate in session. During the campaign that followed he was Eastern Manager and delivered those little wasp-like statements that kept the Tammany Tiger growling. The

Greek he had studied at college served him well when he became envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Greece and Montenegro. Later it enabled him to address the Greeks in America at political meetings in their own language. As president pro tempore of the United States Sen-



Evangeline Booth

ate, he is one Senator who is able to deliver an address in Latin without fear of contradiction in his conjugations or declensions.

EVANGELINE BOOTH

The Leader of the Salvation Army finds Her Heart Consolation in the Verse of Tom Moore, the Irish Poet

Four memory pictures come to my mind when the name of Evangeline Booth is mentioned. First, the girl with her father, General Booth, the founder of the Salva-tion Army, at The Hague in Holland. In the historic old kirk they were passing the contribution boxes made of silver. The coins clinked as they fell, and the halfblind old patriarch realized the thrifty Dutchmen were not giving guilders, but smaller coins. He called for his daughter Evangeline to lead in prayer. The effect was magical, for the heavy artillery response was in heavier coins.

Next, a lecture in Boston's Symphony Hall, with Evangeline Booth dressed in "rags," telling the story of the early days of the Salvation Army in London. Again, overseas during the war, a sweet-faced woman working beside the other Salvation Army lassies giving doughnuts to the doughboys while under fire.

Lastly, I recall her in a drawing room, simply gowned, but in "civilian" clothes, as charming and gracious as any debutante of the year. Many in the room requested, "Put on your bonnet and we will feel that it is the real Evangeline Booth." obeyed and it seemed like a halo over her sweet face, reflecting her idealism. It was then and there that she told me of her favorite poem.

"In childhood I was passionately fond of the old Wesleyan hymns, but I loved the poetry of Tom Moore. When I became older I set many of Moore's verses to music -music as much like the grand old hymn measures as I could write it. The words of one of my favorite heart poems is 'Teach me to love Thee'-one of the poems of Tom Moore. I set it to music for the book, 'Songs of the Evangel,' and I never hear it sung that my heart is not touched."

> Oh, teach me to love Thee, To feel what Thou art, Till filled with one sacred Image, my heart Shall all other passions disown; Like some pure temple That shines apart, Reserved for Thy worship alone.

Whether in the headquarters in New York or near the curb stones singing and praying with the little band, Evangeline Booth evidences her consecration to the great work which her father founded. She has worked in fields extending from the Klondike in Alaska to the tropics, and everywhere has carried the spirit of the Master in song and cheer for hungry human hearts wherever she has journeyed.

-84 WALTER S. BUCKLIN

46

The President of the National Shawmut Bank in Boston gives Edgar Guest's Poem, "It Couldn't Be Done" as a Favorite

It is refreshing to find one banker, the president of the National Shawmut Bank of Boston, one of the leading financial institutions in the country, has a real sense of wholesome sentiment. The name of his bank is a tribute to a peace-loving Indian. Walter Stanley Bucklin was born in New York and knows his "sidewalks." He graduated from Colby Academy and later secured his diploma from Boston University in 1902. While he had studied and practised law, the insurance business attracted his attention and he became the vice-president and general manager of the Massachusetts Employers Insurance Association, one of the first of its kind in the field. In 1923 he was called to the presidency of the National Shawmut Bank.

"There may not be much of a high-brow literary quality to these lines, but they represent a favorite poem for me. They may not strike a high intellectual note, but the lines have spurred me on in situations where the obstacles seemed difficult to overcome. Edgar Guest's poem, 'It Couldn't Be Done' strikes a heart chord, because it shows us how it 'can be done' and brings out the reserve force which we oftentimes fail to recognize."

Somebody said that it couldn't be done. But he, with a chuckle, replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried. So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin On his face. If he worried, he hid it. He started to sing as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that: At least no one ever has done it"; But he took off his coat and he took off his hat And the first thing we knew he'd begun it. With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin, Without any doubting or quitting, He started to sing as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be

done, There are thousands to prophesy failure; There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you. But just buckle in with a bit of a grin, Just take off your coat and go to it; Just start to sing as you tackle the thing That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

The rather tall form of Banker Bucklin seemed to rise to greater heights when he arose to look up the clipping which contained the verses of the popular bard of Detroit, who has thousands of readers for his poems every day in the calendar year.

-SIR THOMAS LIPTON

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The Popular Sportsman and Challenger of the Cup insists that Bobby Burns is the Poet that reaches His Heart

Attired in his yachting cap, Sir Thomas Lipton appears more natural than in a conventional derby hat. For years he has been known as the pre-eminent sportsman of the world and the perennial challenger for the International Yachting Cup. He won more prizes in 1928 than in any previous year and was preparing for a victory in 1929. Few men are more popular in America than the distinguished British business man who spent his early years in the United States. His mustache and goatee and twinkling eye are a fine setting for the joke which he is always ready to tell you on himself in meeting and mingling with royalty or the rough and tumble human kind in all quarters of the world.

"Put me down as favoring Robert Burns as my heart poet. Was anything ever written that expressed more inspiring heart interest than the immortal couplet, 'A Man's a Man for a' that'? While I was born in Ireland, I made my start in Glasgow, and have the freedom of that city, where I began as a boy at a shilling a week to make my way in the world. This is not far from Ayrshire, where Burns was born, and the verse of the Scottish bard, although written in dialect, has been quite understood by the hearts of the world all these years."

Is there for honest poverty Wha hangs his head, and a' that? The coward slave, we pass him by; We dare be poor, for a' that. For a' that and a' that, Our toil's obscure, and a' that; The rank is but the guinea's stamp-The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddin gray, and a' that? Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine-A man's a man for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel show, and a' that; The honest man, though e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may— As come it will for a' that— That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
When a man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

It might be expected that Sir Thomas would have chosen something from Burns, for his great, generous heart has always beat true with the tenets of brotherhood. To see him entertaining the hundreds and thousands of children, week after week in London, indicates that although a bachelor, he has a place in his heart for the "wee bairns" wherever he may go. When he appears in America he is greeted in that familiar way which indicates something of the love and esteem in which he is held in the country in which he spent his early manhood.

* STANLEY RESOR

The Head of a Leading Advertising Agency has His Heart Throb from the Mystic Browning

Some years ago a young man came from Cincinnati, Ohio, to New York with an ambition to become a great advertising man.



Sir Thomas Lipton

Associated with the J. Walter Thompson Company, one of the pioneer institutions in this line, Stanley Resor became its executive head and was right in the whirl of the magical development of the Exploitive era, when advertising appropriations leaped from thousands into millions. In New York I found the entrance room to his elaborate

business offices a veritable library-a collection of real books-not treatises on business and advertising and government reports, but live, up-to-date books and the standard and classic literature, which enabled the visitor to make good use of stray moments. The decorations, equipment and arrangement of the extensive suite of offices comport well with the idea of having a place where ideas in art and telling phrases may generate for the proclamations of advertisers who have to make every word, which costs a thousand dollars or more in their announcements, count for arresting attention and creating favorable impressions.

The firm won one of the first prizes of the Harvard Business School for the campaign which has helped to make "Lux" more familiar to the people than almost any word in the dictionary.

In a simply but artistically furnished room I found Stanley Resor directing his giant enterprise. On the shelves nearby was a collection of Browning, and in answer to my query as to his favorite poem he said:

"'Cleon,' by Browning has always seemed to me to be the greatest combination of philosophy, clearness of expression and poetic beauty that I have ever read. It has always 'seemed to me that thousands of people who would enjoy it have never read it because so many think of Browning as a mysterious, heavy and hard-to-read writer."

It takes but little water just to touch At some one point inside of a sphere, And, as we turn the sphere, touch all the rest In due succession; but the finer air Which not so palpably or obviously, The whole circumference of that emptied

sphere Fills it more fully than the water did.

And thus our soul, misknown, cries out to Zeus To vindicate his purpose in our life: Why stay we on earth unless to grow?

GENERAL WILLIAM WEIGEL

The Retired Major-General of the U.S.A. believes that Smile Poems are the Real Heart Stuff

A sturdy, black-eyed lad born in Brunswick, N. J., in 1863, early declared his intention of becoming a soldier. That boy graduated from West Point in 1887 and as a lieutenant launched a military career that resulted in his wearing the star of a major-general before the age-limit compelled his retirement in 1927. During these forty eventful years he had seen service on every American frontier and held many important commands. His record in the fighting and the peace days in the Philippines won him distinction, while his service during the World War thrice brought him the Croix de Guerre, with palms and distinguished honors. He was, in turn, Chief of Staff of the Eastern Area and in military command in the Philippines.

In his apartment at the Waldorf I found him busy going over Army records to help out the younger officers who followed him. His dark eyes and gray mustache enhanced the military bearing that continues with

him in the days of retirement. "Although I have seen much of the tragedies of war, I find my heart throb in poems of smiles and peace such as indicated in the lines of 'True Nobility.' Frequently I read over these poems. Here are some clippings of poems that have been cherished by me during my service:

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, Is just the pleasant smile.
A smile that bubbles from the heart, That loves its fellow-men, Will drive away the clouds of gloom And coax the sun again.

It's full of worth and goodness, too,

With manly kindness blent, It's worth a million dollars And it doesn't cost a cent.

"There is another poem that I have read in the camps which always seemed to 'buck me up' for the troubles at hand and the troubles ahead. The title is 'How Did You Work' "

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way With a resolute heart and cheerful, Or hide your face from the light of day With a craven soul and fearful? Oh, a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce, Or a trouble is what you make it, And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts.

But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?

Come up with a smiling face, It's nothing against you, to fall down flat, But to lie there—that's disgrace. The harder you're thrown, why the harder you

bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye,
isn't the fact that you're beaten that counts; It's how did you fight and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?

If you battled the best you could If you played your part in the world of men, Why the critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,

And, whether he's slow or spry, It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts, But only, how did you die?

The lines expressively reflect the philosophy of life reflected in the record of a brilliant military career in the U.S.A.

* RAY A. LONG

The Editor of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine" Carries with Him in Cherished Remembrance "Laugh and the World Laughs with You," Verses by the Late Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Often we think as did Wordsworth, that the "world is too much with us." and that with its many and complex activities, we do indeed "lay waste our powers." Then comes the reassuring word from one who has been surrounded with the whirlwinds of life and has fought a good fight in the arena of business and the editorial forum, and we are reminded that there are moments of reflection and "thoughts too deep for words" common to all.

Ray Long, editor, one of the busiest men I know, gave me as one of his favorite poems-at least one that he quotes oftenest-that philosophical and yet practical poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

Laugh and the world laughs with you, Weep and you weep alone,
For the poor old earth has need of your mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own.

"One detects a creed which a man of many affairs, dealing with all sorts of men, might take to heart. In a more homely way one calls it a hearty grit-grip, or 'keeping your head' when all goes wrong.

'Creed or not, something like the spirit of the verse has carried me on, step by step, in my work."



Ray Long

Ray Long has dealt with a large public in all phases of editorial work. He was born in Lebanon, Indiana, in 1878 and was educated in the public schools of Indianapolis, like many of our greatest men who have been endowed with "mental curiosity" and found the world at large a place in which to learn. His first editorial work was on the Indianapolis News. One success after another in hitting the target in editorial work has led to the presidency and editorship of the International Magazine Company, which means the grouping of Hearst's Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, and Harper's Bazaar, as well as affiliation with many American and foreign publications.

In his advisory capacity Ray Long has had opportunity to practice his philosophy of life, exercise his ready wit and his ability to laugh with the world. Pressed to give his taste in recreations, the busy editor expressed his love for horseback riding and swimming-sure ways of keeping fit for his arduous duties, and being able to keep on laughing with the world.

-THE LATE F. W. AYER

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One of the Pioneer Founders of Modern Advertising found His Heart Solace in Henry Van Dyke's "Four Things"

The son of a school teacher and a teacher himself, the late F. W. Ayer was the radiant sun in the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son, pioneers in founding modern advertising. Many times, years ago, have I heard him humming an old church tune. for he was a man of deep religious convictions. Naturally I expected that his heart throb would be expressed in some favorite hymn. Greatly interested in my quest, he was very enthusiastic concerning the book "Heart Throbs" when it was first published. An educator to the last of his

busy and eventful career, he lived to see the collateral calling of advertising, for which he had done much to create, become one of the most potential factors in modern business.

When I inquired as to why the poem 'Four Things" was his favorite, in his office above the din of traffic on Chestnut Street below, near where the Declaration of Independence was signed, he replied in his genial way:

"I have probably referred to this poem of 'Four Things' more than any other bit of literature. There is something in these lines written by Dr. Van Dyke that tells the whole story of life. They have been a sort of a confirmation chart to ideals which I have tried to follow in business as well as in personal affairs."

Four things a man must learn to do If he would make his records true: To think without confusion clearly, To love his fellow-men sincerely, To act from honest motives purely, To trust in God and Heaven securely.

Read and reread aloud, one can better understand the depth of this poem, for it encompasses a wide range. Continuing, he said almost reverently:

"In the last two lines I find a climax that summarizes the ideals of the Beatitudes."

All those who knew F. W. Ayer will agree that he was a man of pleasing and dominant personality. The figure with dark gray eyes and gray moustache was familiar to those who lived in the vicinity of Independence Square. His activities were a living exemplar of the trade-mark of his firm, which he made world-famous, "Keeping everlastingly at it brings suc-The same motto prevailed with him in the matter of building a real character in the allotted span of life-keeping close to the purposeful "four things" recorded in his favorite poem which covered the essential four dimensions of a successful career.

-CYRUS E. DALLIN

The Celebrated Sculptor Dallin, whose "Appeal to the Great Spirit" is a Classic, finds His Heart Appeal in a Keats' Sonnet

In his home at Arlington, Mass., amid the evidences of his celebrated art achievements, Cyrus E. Dallin stated in the modest manner of a man of real genius:

"I am a passionate lover of mountains because, more than most men, I have looked unto the hills. As my favorite poem I would like to give you a well-known sonnet of Keats. The poem was written after the author and his friend had spent the night reading 'Chapman's Homer.' Before dawn Keats wrote:

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold And many goodly states and kingdoms seen; Round many western islands have I been Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold; Oft in one wide expanse had I been told That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne, Yet never did I breathe as pure, serene,
'Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold,
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies When a new planet swings into his ken, Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes He stared at the Pacific and all his men Looked at each other with a wild surprise Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

"Not in Darien, but upon the mountains of Utah," said the sculptor, "I have been 'silent.' " Again he once told a friend, "mountains seem like a living force to me."

Everyone recognizes the sympathetic insight of the sculptor as evidenced in his broad brow, steady, penetrating eyes and firm but sensitive mouth, but not all know why he has been able to interpret and portray the only real and true Americansthe vanishing Indians. He was born in Springville, Utah, and all his early youth was spent where Indians lived, and where he was able to study their art as they revealed it in clay, basketry, and bead work. The sculptor insists that this art and his delightful mother's crowded flower garden woke in him his creative power so that at the age of seven he began to mould the heads of his Indian playmates.

"A work of art is of little value," Mr. Dallin said, "unless it springs from natural and spontaneous emotion." There among the mountains the sculptor worked in natural clay and gave to his work that great human quality which characterizes

all his work.

Study at the Beaux Arts and Academy Julien in Paris, training under European teachers, the suggestions and friendship of Rosa Bonheur and other influences brought the perfection of work that has its reward in fame, gold and silver medals and many high honors and first prizes. Perhaps he is best known for his compelling and pathetic figure, now standing before the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, titled "The Appeal to the Great Spirit." No less important are his pieces "The Protest of the Hunter," "The Signal of Peace," and "The Medicine Man."

Light is one of the greatest mediums for the sculptor and Mr. Dallin's home in Arlington Heights gives him that in abundance as well as a broad outlook. For recreation and study the artist has often said that he clings to the three A's-art, archery and astronomy. That he sees beauty in the tiny things of nature as well is shown by his mention of Wordsworth's

"Daffodils," beloved by many.

I wandered, lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils.

Especially are the closing lines suggestive of pleasant reflection,-

And then my heart with pleasure fills And dances with the daffodils.

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

The Author-Diplomat Draws from His Heart Trove "The Ancient Mariner" as a Favorite Poem

"Author and diplomat,"-a combination of titles that arrest the attention, particularly when one considers the long list of published books, short stories, and magazine articles which Richard Washburn Child has found time to write, even though he has served his country industriously as chief representative at the Conference of Genoa and Lausanne, as well as being the founder of the Council of Foreign Relations.

The achievements of Mr. Child seem rather typically American in their variety. He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1881. After graduation from Harvard he was admitted to the bar and practiced law: then he served as assistant to Frank Vanderlip in far finance, and has been the editor of Collier's Weekly.

"Battling the Criminal" was one of the author's much-talked-of books in which he



Amelita Galli-Curci

analyzed the criminal situation, suggested its cure and gave valuable information after his extensive investigations. Some of his other interesting books are "Vanishing Man," "A Diplomat Looks at Europe," and "Potential Russia."

"In childhood I was held enthralled and my heart was stirred over Coleridge's 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner.'" said the popular diplomat "and to this day there drifts into my mind as my choice of verse:

He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great and small, For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all.

This intensely dramatic poem has occasioned more thrills in the hearts of the young students than most others, especially the lines to the young man hurrying as a guest to the wedding feast:

I pass like night, from land to land, I have strange power of speech, That moment that his face I see I know the man that must hear me, To him my task I teach.

Farewell, forever now I tell To thee, though wedding guest, He prayeth well who loveth well Both man and bird and beast.

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

The Famous Prima Donna settles upon the Words of "Swanee River" as the most touching Heart Throb in the English Language

After singing the famous Shadow Song in the opera "Dinorah" at the Auditorium in Chicago, which brought fifteen curtain calls, Amelita Galli-Curci, obvious of all else, greeted me.

"The words of 'Swanee River' are my real heart throb. Where can you find anything that touches the heart deeper than

'The Old Folks at Home'?" She had scarcely finished the sentence when she was recalled in an ovation that had not occurred since the days of Adeline Patti. and she sang the song "The Swanee River" to a breathless audience.

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber. Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay; All up and down de whole creation, Sadly I roam, Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and weary, Eb'rywhere I roam, Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.

Blushing like a schoolgirl she returned, taking the flowers from her growing hair.

"I think of 'Swanee River' when I sing 'Dinorah' because it brings suggestion of the woods, the scent of flowers, the song of the winds and the witchery of moonlight. Yes, I was thinking of the 'old folks at home' in my own beautiful native Milano, and the time when Mascagni called me from the piano where I was playing and exclaimed, 'You should sing, above all things you should sing,' and I have been singing almost ever since."

The after-the-opera banquet consisted of cereal and milk on this very night of triumph. She took up her embroidering and seemed to revel in enjoying a real domestic scene as reaction. In this moment she repeated bits of Dante and Swedenborg, for she is a devout admirer of the sage and

philosopher.

No greater grief than to remember days Of joy when misery is at hand.—Swedenborg.

This from Dante:

The wretched souls of those who lived without praise or blame.-Dante.

What a wide range of the poetic realm this tiny little songbird from Italia had read and admired, even during the busy hours of preparation to become later one of the world's famous prima donas.

JOHN L. LEWIS

President of the United Mine Workers of America, Furnishes us the Heart Touch in Ingalls' Poem on "Opportunity"

"Labor Leader" is a title with a very considerable background. Any title of leadership must imply the possession of unusual qualities, and a leader among the great army of the world's laborers must be endowed with the ability for understanding the needs and emotions of men and the power of interpreting them to the

public.

Such a leader is John L. Lewis, who is the president of the United Mine Workers, and who has done a great work in creating an appreciation of the artisans of the world and our dependence upon them. The Mine Workers constitute a basic union of the nation and is of common interest and importance. Its leader has worked unremittingly to straighten out the many complex situations that have arisen out of

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Osteopathy as a National Health Asset

Memories of the "Old Doctor" of Kirksville, Missouri, the late Doctor A. T. Still—How an accidental cure of heart trouble led to the discovery of a "health-science"—Present day success of osteopathy and its importance

ow that I have faithfully observed my "health day" once a month for many years, with apparently good results, I feel like beginning with a bit of personal prologue. My grandfather lived to the age of 102. With him much during his late and lively nineties, I enjoyed a jolly companionship with an endeared relation when he had lived beyond the century mark. Peaceful and serene, he wound the old silver watch with a cheery goodnight in his usual manner, and a few hours later they found he had fallen asleep.

"Like one that wraps the drapery of his

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The beautiful serenity and sunshine of his later years naturally inspired me with a desire to follow his example and live long and enjoy the sunset of my own life in the same way. This personal observation of common sense methods and of the preservation of health through simple methods of living and giving nature her real chances led me to early take a deep interest in Osteopathy as one of the definite and logical

aids to longevity.

Early in my newspaper career I made a pilgrimage to Kirksville, Missouri. It was then the storm center upon which the conservative element of the old time medical profession had centered an attack upon the then revolutionary methods suggested to prevent illness, restore health and do away with the reign of modern medica and appealed to the people. Looming above all the shafts of criticism and abuse, surrounded by a loyal band of young and enthusiastic followers, I found "The Old Doctor," as he was called, persistently continuing his crusade for recognition of his science, which has followed in the world-wide recognition of Osteopathy as a concrete, valuable health asset to the nation, and the world at large.

There was something in this rugged personality that made me think of the sturdy patriarchs and prophets of old. As he reclined on his couch, in the infirmities that come with age, his eyes still sparkled with the fire of youth as he prophesied what was to come to pass after he was gone. The dawn of the new era came within the survey of his vision of the future, while he was

still living.

In my old note book I found the memorandum of some facts then and there gathered in my chat with the "Old Doctor," as I came to affectionately call him together with his students and followers. Andrew T. Still was born in Virginia, August 6, 1829, and moved with his father, who was a medical missionary, to a hamlet near Macon,

Missouri, when ten years of age. As a lad he had seemed to enjoy his new frontier home for a number of years, until the Methodists transferred Abram Still, A. T. Still's father, on to bleeding Kansas, where he was a medical missionary to the Shawnee Inup his medical studies, but he never forgot the incident. From that time on, when he or any of the family had a headache, they would try, as they said, "Drew Still's Swing." While his name was Andrew, he was familiarly called Drew by his family



Andrew T. Still

dians. Abram Still founded the Shawnee Mission just outside of Kansas City. In 1926 a tablet was unveiled to his memory and to commemorate the seventy-sixth anniversary of the founding of the Mission.

Young Andrew T. Still grew up in a family of medical men—his two older brothers being medical graduates. At an early age, he was subject to severe headaches. On one occasion, at noon, after helping in the harvest field during the forenoon, he laid down under a tree and let his head hang through a loop in a grape-vine. In that position he fell asleep. When he awakened, his head had ceased to ache. That was his first lesson in Osteopathy and occurred when he was fourteen years of age, before he had taken

and acquaintances all through life.

Taking up the study of medicine under his father and his two older brothers, young A. T. spent one year in a medical school in Kansas City, where he took and passed the examination required to obtain a license to practice. At that time there were no State Boards, and he practiced medicine with his father for some time. Later he hung out his own shingle and began a medical career that has become a notable protest against the inefficiency of materia medica as reaching at the real crux of restoring and maintaining health.

In the later fifties an epidemic of cerebrospinal meningitis broke out in his family. Four members—three children and a maid - contracted the disease. He had called his father and two older brothers and outside medical assistance at this time, but they were powerless. That was the second time that he decided that there was something outside of the efficacy of drugs for the



Dr. Curtis H. Muncie

human ills and he began to experiment on basic proportions of prevention and cure. His first accidental cure of the headache in the harvest field was recalled in all its feeling details and his inquiring mind went to work surveying causes and concrete effects.

During the time of the border troubles in Kansas between eastern Kansas and western Missouri, he was a member of a local scouting band. On one occasion, when he was reconnoitering, he ran into what was called the "border ruffians." It was common for the Kansans to call the Missourians "border ruffians" and for the Missourians to call the Kansans "Jay-Hawkers." In making his getaway from these border ruffians, he was riding a mule and going as fast as a mule's legs could travel. Coming to a creek, the bank of which was overflowing, he was checked in his flight. For him to go to the ford a few miles below he knew was impossible, because the border ruffians were between him and the ford. Nothing daunted, he started across, riding the mule on a log. He got along all right until the opposite bank was almost reached, when the bark of the log slipped, causing the mule to stumble and he fell, in the torrential stream. In the fall he struck his breast-bone on the pommel of the saddle and from that time on he had serious trouble with his heart, which continued for some time.

When Lincoln's call came for volunteers, he enlisted in the Union Army. During the early days of the Civil War, at Harrisonville. Missouri, where his company was quartered, he asked the physicians there to make a physical examination, telling them how he had contracted this heart condition. They advised him that all he needed was rock candy and whiskey-and plenty of whiskey. He had this heart trouble for years, but the sequel comes later.

One afternoon while watching some young folks play croquet, he picked up one of the croquet balls. Walking over to a tree he laid down, placing his feet upon the trunk of the tree and putting the croquet ball between his shoulders. He moved about, and, as he said, he "heard something snap." From that time on, for more than fifty years, he had no more heart trouble. These two accidental cures, supplemented by observations on his own body, were the beginning of Osteopathy in the mind of Andrew T. Still.

When he started in to practice this new idea, Dr. Still was ridiculed by brother physicians and he was read out of the church of which he was an honored mem-All of the dimension stuff used in building this church had been furnished by his mill, as he owned a mill and was a practical mill wright. They also advised him that he was to stand trial and be put out of the Masonic order. This was a Lodge that he started, but they lacked one vote of carrying out their plans.

As he did not seem to have any chance of success in his new work in Kansas, he was invited by an elder brother to come back to Missouri and locate where the Still family had first landed after leaving Virginia. It was thought that he might find an opportunity here to pursue his new treatment. Things were not much better in the new home than in Kansas. Everyone looked upon him and derided him as a fake doctor because he would not use drugs. garded him as being queer and did not like the growing interest in his new system.

Things went along discouragingly to Dr. Still for a number of years. In order to get anybody to recognize him at all he made trips to the country and delivered free lectures in the school houses in Adair County in Missouri. After his addresses he treated any and everybody there who had anything wrong with them. This service was rendered without charge, and it gave him an opportunity to see what he could do. It proved a good advertisement because the country people were patients who improved and recovered and then told their neighbors about it. After a time he was visited by patients in Kirksville. His son, Dr. Charles, visited practically all the school houses in Adair County with him. After the lecture and treatments if some one did not invite them to stay all night they would walk home, feeling that they had made real progress.

After a time they made more extensive journeys and the itinerary included many of the towns within one hundred miles of Kirksville. The demand for Dr. Still's services, which was not then known as Osteopathy, grew so extensive that he had to remain at home. In the beginning he was called a "lightning bone setter" and on occasions he would go to some towns exploited in this way: "Doctor Still and his sons, lightning bone setters, will be in Independence, Missouri, for thirty days.

Not long after this the School for Osteopathy was established. The modest beginning and close contact with his pupils and followers soon began to develop in the

institution it has become in these later years. This in itself is a triumph in edu-When the 50th Anniversary occation. curred, it marked an epoch in the history of the exploitation of health as a personal collateral and national asset of the country, conducted on national lines.

Now to "cut back," as they say in the motion pictures," and read the story as given me by his son, Dr. Charles Still, concerning the many other achievements of his distinguished father, that are not associated

directly with Osteopathy.

"The first invention that I can remember my father making was a centrifugal churn which worked along the lines of a modern cream separator. He patented this churn but gave it to someone who afterwards made a few additions and evolved a cream separator. My father also made the model of the first self-binder. This was even before the churn, but I have heard him discuss it many times. Just as they were closing a deal with one of the big concerns somebody copied the model and made some improvements on it. Then the patent was taken away from him for improvement.

"My father also made a railroad watchthe one I demonstrated before to you. The model was exhibited, as was the churn, at the Kansas State Fair, and taken up and exploited by others. He patented a clothes pin and gave it to a man by the name of



Dr. George M. Laughlin, speaking at dedication of Dr. Still's cabin

Reynolds, one that you just pressed and let loose the spring which fastened the clothes on the line. The man to whom it was presented made money out of it.

"Many years ago he made a 'locked nut' and showed it to a big concern. They said they didn't want a locked nut-that they wanted to sell parts and that they wouldn't he interested in it. The same thing is on the market today, foreshadowed in the invention of Dr. Still. A locked nut is made so that when it is put on a bolt it cannot come off.

"There were many other things that he made in his workshop as a diversion from the intensity of his other work and gave away as freely as he dispensed hospitality. His last effort was a smoke consumer. I believe if he had been ten or fifteen years younger at the time, or had lived that much longer, he would have solved the problem of consuming smoke. Many of the prominent heating engineers from Chicago and other places were much interested in demonstrations he made at Kirksville."

There was the microscope with which he studied flowers, his staff or cane, and many intimate trophies associated with his genius exhibited during the convention, including some of those outside inventions. Born in a log cabin, a product of the same invincible pioneer genius as Lincoln, and even the later Thomas A. Edison, Andrew T. Still was a type of the inventive genius that developed a nation. He early emphasized Health as the greatest asset of the Nation, and the school, hospital and institution at Kirksville tell the story of the heritage he left to the world in Osteopathy, until every city and town, here and abroad, has its representatives and graduates - in making cases working with the medical profession and on the boards of health and hygiene commissions and boards. The office of the Osteopath has taken its place with that of the physician, dentist and surgeon as a part of the force employed by the people to restore and preserve the public's health, collectively and individually.

Dr. George H. McLaughlin, a son-in-law and student of the "Old Doctor," himself an eminent surgeon, has carried on the work at Kirksville, and has become one of the preeminent leaders in the profession of Osteopathy, which is on the threshold of still greater achievement in the work founded by Dr. Andrew T. Still, which has become both a blessing and a hope to humankind.

In many of the large cities of the country, Osteopathic hospitals and clinics have been successfully established. Among them is the well-known Still-Hildreth Osteopathic Sanatorioum at Macon, Missouri, which opened its doors to receive patients March 1, 1914. It was the first institution of its kind—a pioneer in the treatment of the mentally sick osteopathically. The institution is owned by Dr. Harry M. Still, Dr. C. E. Still, his brother, both sons of the late Dr. A. T. Still, the discoverer of osteopathy, and A. G. Hildreth, a student in the first class that the "Old Doctor" taught at Kirksville. This makes two pioneer institutions in the osteopathic profession in which Dr. Hildreth was a beginning factor.

The buildings of the Still-Hildreth Sanatorium were formerly erected for a military academy by Colonel Frederick W. Blees, who wanted to start a worth-while institution of this kind in America. No expense was spared by him in the building and grounds. It failed as a school and was purchased for the sanatorium. It is a magnificent property, one of the best constructed to be found anywhere. Situated on rolling

hills in an agricultural community, it is ideally located for the purposes for which it is now used. Patients at this institution have the opportunity for outdoor exercise and the environment that is ideal for successful treatment

Dr. Still's sons, Dr. Hildreth and the graduates were glad to undertake this work. because Dr. Still had always claimed that when the time came the osteopathic profession could have the right kind of build-



Doctor George M. Laughlin

ings and the proper surroundings to furnish the proper treatments that a large percentage of the mentally sick could be cured through osteopathic treatments. Dr. Still's attitude on this matter, together with the experiences of Dr. Still's sons and Dr. Hildreth in handling different types of insanity under difficult circumstances, made them feel confident that Dr. Still was correct. They felt it so strongly that they were willing to give the best that there was in them and the best years of their lives to demonstrate the correctness of Dr. Still's position that osteopathy was a correct, scientific treatment for the cure of the mentally sick. The work has grown and prospered in a wonderful way, becoming an institution with a capacity of between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and seventy-five. It is a work in which the entire profession of Osteopathy have been proud.

The percentage of cures now average well above fifty per cent and even in such difficult conditions as dementia praecox the cures are very satisfactory. If many of these tragic cases among young people who lose their minds could only be reached and treated osteopathically in the incipient stages, it is now felt there is no question but a large percentage would yield to the osteopathic treatment. As it is with the chronic and acute alike, the record of cures is above thirty-five per cent, which is by far the best percentage of cures recorded up to the present time in the treatment of this class of patients.

With a patronage from all parts of the United States and Canada, the intelligent and well-informed public are beginning to realize what the osteopathic profession can

do in the way of curing the mentally sick. Many more cases pronounced hopeless, it is felt, could be cured by this system in this institution. Statistics covering a period of fourteen and a half years now prove that there is a scientific treatment for the insane in osteopathy. This is gratifying to the energetic staff of physicians so wholly interested in this phase of the work.

When I saw the patients among the flowers and in the beautiful grounds under the trees, and later in the commodious and even elegant furnishings of the buildings provided with everything in the way of equipment that can be secured, it revealed the light of new hopes in the eyes of many, whose minds were fast coming out of their mental cloud through the magic of sunshine. open air treatments that never give up in reclaiming the priceless gift of God to man.

The advent of Osteopathy or the osteopathic concept has ushered into the therapeutic world a new surgery—a surgery for the conservation of structure and function: a constructive surgery which leaves healthy tissue alone but seeks to remove only the structure that is too degenerated for Nature to restore to health.

Many years ago, Dr. Lorenz, an Austrian orthopedic surgeon, performed a remarkable operation on a congenital dislocated hip of Mr. Armour's daughter, of Chicago. This awakened the entire therapeutic world and aroused much public interest, for this bloodless operation was described on the front pages of the dailies for many weeks, and it gave hope to cripples who had heretofore been looked upon as incurable.

While Dr. Lorenz was performing his remarkable bloodless surgery in Vienna, Dr. George M. Laughlin of Kirksville, Missouri, now President and Surgeon-in-Chief of Kirksville College of Osteopathy and Surgery, was equally successful with his osteopathic bloodless surgery for the cure of congenital dislocation of the hip. Indeed, those who studied Dr. Laughlin's operation felt that the profession had reason to be proud of our own American osteopathic bloodless surgery.

Osteopathy is really bloodless surgery, and the advancement of this wonderful work in America has been largely due to the osteopathic school and specifically to Dr.

George Laughlin's skill.

Prevention of surgery is the idealistic dream of every physician and patient. The clinical records in osteopathic hospitals and private practice have conclusively proven that much surgery can be prevented through timely Osteopathic measures.

In the past decade the removal of the appendix has become less popular, largely due to these preventive measures, but in its place has come widespread fashion of removing tonsils until it is feared that innocent as well as diseased tonsils have come under the influence of the surgeon and his

The osteopathic principles of the conservation of structure once more has stepped in and is showing its influence on this oft too zealous practice of removing the tonsils. The tonsil has a function which should be preserved if possible, if it can be preserved in health.

Why Arizona and Utah Should Not Ratify

The Colorado compact not acceptable to the two states most vitally interested — Characterized as "a mess of pottage"

By CHARLES H. RUTHERFORD

THE people of Arizona and Utah will never permit their Legislatures to ratify the Colorado River Compact, thereby making effective the Swing-Johnson Bill recently passed by Congress, if they become thoroughly acquainted with all the facts in the case which, from the very beginning, have been clouded and misunderstood.

An attempt is being made in this article to acquaint the people of these states with the facts which led up to the passage of the bill and to the grave dangers contained therein of which the citizens have not been fully informed. The *Press* has largely left untold the most salient facts.

I can see in this Colorado project a movement on the part of a monopolistic power company to gain control of natural resources in Arizona worth untold millions. One eminent engineer has stated that the potential wealth which might be developed by Power alone would run into billions of dollars.

We wish to call to the attention of the people of Arizona and Utah particularly that they have everything to lose and nothing to gain by the ratification of the Swing-Johnson Bill.

The Message of Governor George H. Dern to the Seventeenth legislature of the State of Utah, on January 11, 1927, is a very able statement of the interest of Utah in the Colorado River and contains points that would seem to make a ratification of the Compact as it was formulated at Santa Fe of such doubtful advisability, so far as Utah is concerned, that it is difficult to see how any one interested in the future welfare of that State could reconcile such a ratification with the best of interests of Utah.

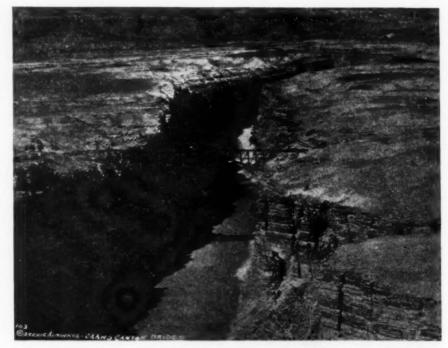
Arizona and Utah both claim the ownership of the waters of the Colorado River with a right to appropriation thereof within the State for beneficial use, and also the ownership of the bed of the river, by virtue of the fact that it is claimed to be a navigable stream. Governor Dern in his message referred to above, calls attention to the detriment to Utah that would result from the clause in the Santa Fe Compact declaring the river not to be a navigable How can there be any question that Utah would forfeit all rights based on the river being a navigable stream if she ratified the Compact and accepted the declaration that the river is not navigable.

The Colorado River was formerly navigated as far as Callville, Arizona. The suspension of that navigation would not prevent its restoration by the Federal government, and if that were done, or undertaken by the Federal government, it would be

difficult to see how it could or would be prevented. If done, the question of navigability to that point at least would be settled, and that would give the Federal government control over the river above and over its tributaries so far as might be necessary to regulate the flow for navigable purposes from Callville to the Gulf of Mexico.

navigation at least from the Gulf of California to the lower end of the Canyon, and perhaps as far up the river as the old head of navigation at Callville.

Arizona and Utah both claim and with good reason that the Colorado River is a navigable river, with all the legal rights flowing therefrom, both to the nation and



THE GREAT BRIDGE WHICH SPANS THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

Until this bridge was completed there was no direct highway connection between Utah and Arizona. Traffic now moves freely between the two regions. The bridge spans the Colorado River north of Flagstaff, Arizona. It is one of the highest in the world and is an impressive example of engineering skill. The span is 467 feet above the waters of the Colorado. In its construction it was necessary to first build the southern half of the bridge which extended out into space like a giant crane, and from this point materials for the northern half were conveyed by means of cables operated to the opposite cliff, and from theren construction was completed to the centre and the two ends joined with the most delicate precisio

It has been claimed that the building of the Lagune dam and rulings made at that time have terminated the classification of the river as navigable. That is a superficial view of the matter, and particularly so when it would only be necessary for the government to build a lock to enable watercraft to pass the dam, as such craft now passes the Keokuk dam on the Mississippi River. No one would claim, if a lock were now constructed, that the river is non-navigable. And the gradual regulation of the flow of the river that will inevitably take place by storage and irrigation above the Canyon will go far to increase the low water flow and improve the river for navigation in its lower reaches, and not improbably restore

the States. What possible grounds could be imagined for a surrender of those rights by Utah because of anything in the Swing-Johnson bill, it would be impossible to conceive. Governor Dern's statement in his Message to the Legislature should settle that question. Manifest advantages result to Utah from the status of a navigable river being preserved for the Colorado River. These would be lost by an abandonment of that status. Of course the ratification of the Compact would amount to such an abandonment.

At one of the hearings on the application for the grant of power rights in the Colorado River by the Federal Power Commission, Governor Dern's predecessor stated that Utah felt friendly to the development of the Colorado River for the promotion of industrial enterprises in the Southern California region. He said they looked to Southern California for a market for the products of the whole Intermountain region. There could not be a stronger argument made against the Swing-Johnson bill as it was finally passed than that very proposition. If Utah is looking for a future market in Southern California for agricultural products, she may be assured that any such hope has gone glimmering if the Boulder Dam is to be built at Black Canyon. If that is done, more than a million acres of lands

dation is better and the canyon narrower. The foundation and side walls at Bridge Canyon are granite. The safety of a dam built there is unquestioned. At the Black Canyon dam the power development will be only 550,000 horse power. At the Bridge Canyon site, with a dam of the same height the power development would ultimately be 1,015,000 horse power. The development of that power would necessitate the regulation of the flow of the river by storage dams at Glen Canyon or farther up the river, which would be enormously beneficial to Utah. The Glen Canyon dam, if built according to the suggestions of the greatest authority on

remain a desert forever. Under this project Arizona would get ten times as much land irrigated as under the Boulder Dam scheme. And that is why Arizona should insist upon her rights. Arizona would get only two hundred and eighty thousand acres reclaimed and the waters would go to irrigate competitive lands in Mexico if the people should be so shortsighted as to ratify the Compact.

The Swing-Johnson bill, also known as the Black Canyon project is the most extraordinary case that has come under my observation in many years of legislative experience. The first thought that naturally comes into one's mind in studying a measure of this kind, is an analysis of the question as to where the benefits accrue.

It is very apparent that the only interest which has secured what it has been planning to get from the beginning is the Chandler-Mexican Land Syndicate whose territory lies below the international line, in Mexico.

The public ownership power people in Los Angeles will get nothing because the Secretary of the Interior has the power under the terms of the bill to lease this power out to private interests and it is fair to assume that nothing will be left for the public ownership power people in Los Angeles.

They have been fighting for years to get a dam on the Colorado River built under the claim that they wanted power for Los Angeles, to be distributed under public ownerching.

The bill gives the Secretary of the Interior such control over that power that he may never permit any of it to be distributed under public ownership. We must at least give the President of the United States, and the incoming President credit for being truthful and consistent. If we do give them that credit, they have both made declarations absolutely and completely and positively inconsistent with any plan that would give the power developed at this dam to public ownership for distribution.

In his last message to Congress, President Coolidge made positive declarations on this point. Those by President-elect Hoover are in the reports of his public speeches during the campaign, and, as reported in the press, were positive and irreconcilable with any plan for public ownership and distribution of the power.

Consequently, the public ownership bureau of Los Angeles surrendered everything it fought for when it accepted the bill as amended.

The Mulholland scheme to pump water 1400 feet over Shaver's summit for the city of Los Angeles was designed only to persuade the people of Los Angeles into permitting such a bill as the present act to get thru Congress, under which the Mexican lands will get the water, less only what Los Angeles pumps 1400 feet into the air to get over the summit to Los Angeles city, when, according to the LaRue plan, they could get it without any pumping, from a diversion at Bridge Canyon. The building of the Boulder Canyon Dam will kill the LaRue plan.

Los Angeles compromised herself out of the power when she allowed the amended bill to pass. Neither will there be any



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An airplane view of the Grand Canyon, taken while directly over one of the narrowest parts. The Colorado River can be seen like a silver thread in the center of the picture going its turbulent way eventually to the Gulf of California

as good as those of the American Imperial Valley will be developed in the Imperial Valley of Mexico, an extension of the American Imperial Valley farther into the delta. The Mexican Imperial Valley will be cultivated with peon labor, or Asiatic labor, and the production of that vast area of newly reclaimed lands will flow steadily into Southern California and Arizona and absorb the market now held by the American producers. Agricultural products raised in America with American wage scales cannot by any possibility ever hope to compete with the products of the Mexican lands, nor can they hope ever to get a tariff that will protect them. Trainload after trainload of the products from those Mexican lands will be poured into the markets which the Governor of Utah wants to develop for the people of his State, and that hope will be gone forever, if the Boulder Dam is ever built.

It is inconceivable that a dam should ever be built at Black Canyon, even for power, when Bridge Canyon is a so much better location for a high dam. A dam to the same height as the proposed Black Canyon dam can be built at Bridge Canyon for less money and more durable because the founthe Colorado River and the leading hydraulic engineer in America, E. C. LaRue, to fully utilize the storage possibilities of that site, would develop a lake in Utah about one hundred and eighty miles long. That lake would be one of the scenic wonders of the world and would bring to Utah tens of thousands of tourists annually as well as furnishing water transportation to aid in marketing Utah's great undeveloped coal deposits along the river. If the Bridge Canyon dam were originally built to the height proposed for the Black Canyon dam -five hundred and fifty feet, and were ultimately raised to the same height as the proposed Chrysler Building, New York, eight hundred and eight feet, the water diverted at that height could be taken to Los Angeles without any pumping whatsoever-by gravity-except for a siphon under the Colorado River with the same pressure as that under the Hudson from the Asokan reservoir to New York, and with a tunnel only thirteen miles long under the ridge of the San Jacinto Mountains. And if diverted into Arizona at that elevation, it would reclaim and perpetually irrigate over three million acres in Arizona that will otherwise

water pumped 1400 feet over the mountains for the city of Los Angeles or any other city in southern California. So they get neither power nor water under the present bill.

Now, look at the Imperial Valley.

They wanted to get 500,000 acres of new lands reclaimed and certain works built for the benefit of the Imperial Valley, including the all-American high line canal without the land owners having to pay for the canal. They also wanted immediate flood protection.

Under the present bill, they have practically thrown away their chance to get the desired flood protection by immediate construction of local federal works. The bill provides nothing that will protect them soon enough to be of any genuine benefit. For a period of ten or fifteen years it leaves them entirely exposed to a combination of a flood from the Gila, with high enough water from the Colorado to over-top their levees.

If the Boulder Dam should be completed further anxiety would be added to residence in Imperial Valley. For there would always be the possibility of the dam failing.

If the dam should fail to stand the tremendous pressure which would come against it, there would come to pass the greatest man-made catastrophe the world has ever known; when that sea of turbulent waters should sweep toward the south inundating the valleys along its path, drowning the Palo Verde Valley, the Yuma Valley, carrying away the levies and cutting the main channel of the river into the Imperial Valley, to carry all of the waters of the river until the whole Imperial Valley should become a sea. This possibility would always threaten no matter how well the dam might be built, because the dam site is located in the center of an earthquake zone.

In order to understand the question of the Boulder Dam about which so much has been said and for the passage of the bill to authorize its construction so much money and effort have been spent, we must understand who it is that will benefit by the building of the dam.

If you were to stand on a hill near where the Colorado River crosses the line between the United States and Mexico, you would see a beautiful alluvial plain stretching away to the south for some fifty or sixty miles lying on both sides of the Colorado River.

There are approximately 1,843,000 acres of this wonderful soil that could be irrigated from the Colorado River, if there were a regulating dam on the river to stabilize the flow. This land is not irrigated now because the river is a flood in the spring and very low in the fall.

This land is worthless today but if it could be irrigated it would be worth around \$200.00 an acre for farming by white men and if it might be sold to Japanese, it would be worth \$400.00 or \$500.00 per acre.

Most of this land is owned by American land speculators. If these land speculators can succeed in irrigating, say 1,000,000 acres, they will have increased the value of their holdings by \$200,000,000.00 if they are confined to white buyers, and to \$400,000,000.00 or \$500,000,000.00 if they can sell to Asiatics. Incidentally, Mexico has

given the Japanese the legal right and the invitation to own and lease land in Mexico.

Now, let us consider, what the other interests who are supposed to benefit by the dam will get out of the Swing-Johnson bill as passed.

First, the Imperial Valley gets less than nothing, because the campaign for the Swing-Johnson bill has cost the Imperial Valley land owners already more money than the value of the benefit to be derived from the all-American Canal.

The psychological flood menace which has been created in regard to the Imperial Valley for the Boulder Dam campaign purchine, will have been spent in vain. This we presume was done with the approval of the power trusts.

Therefore, almost the entire benefit of the Boulder Dam will accrue to the American Syndicate of Mexican land speculators.

The tremendous stake they are playing for makes the situation extremely difficult because on the other side there is not a man who will make a dollar directly out of defeating their scheme. It takes money to fight and it is hard to get men to spend money for patriotism in times of peace. This is the reason opposition to their scheme has been so feeble, and why so much



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Another airplane view of the Grand Canyon, which shows the river in one curving sweep through the gigantic chasm

poses has depreciated the market value of every acre of their land to an enormous extent and this depreciation of the market will continue to exist until the Boulder Dam is completed, which will be ten years after the construction is started.

On top of this, the Imperial land owners must pay for the All-American Canal out of their own pockets, because the Secretary of the Interior is instructed in the law to provide for the re-payment of the construction costs of the All-American Canal, "in the manner provided by the reclamation law." Which means the farmers pay it and before the construction begins every acre of the water users' land must be mortgaged to secure the re-payment of the cost.

Second, the Los Angeles power interests get nothing of present value, because they can generate power cheaper in the City of Los Angeles today by steam than they can by water 274 miles away and transmit the current to Los Angeles. If, however, there should ever be any benefit to be attained in the future from the power the law has been fixed so that the power trusts will reap that benefit and the \$2,000,000.00 of tax payers' money and other funds spent in lobbying for the bill, thru the public ownership ma-

steam has been put behind the Boulder project. As a rule, men who are playing to win a stake of \$300,000,000.00 or \$400,000,000.00 spend money freely.

In this phase of the Colorado River question lies the secret of the Boulder Dam. The Boulder scheme originated with the Mexican land speculators, and they are the main spring that has kept the thing going ever since. Their powerful press and strong ever spreading influence have used the flood scared farmers of the Imperial Valley and the power hungry public ownership interests of Los Angeles as cats-paws to pull their irrigation chestnuts out of the fire. And, as is usually the case, the cats-paws have been burned. Both the Imperial Valley farmers and the Los Angeles public ownership interests have been shamefully mislead.

The serious phase of the whole thing to the United States, however, is this fact, that if this land is irrigated in Mexico it will be colonized by Asiatics and the net results of the whole affair to the United States will be if the Boulder Dam is built, the Colorado River will be used to establish and nourish, just across the line under the Mexican flag, a colony of the most aggressive and competitive type of Asiatics, instead of these waters being used to establish and nourish an irrigated empire peopled by loyal white Americans under the Stars and Stripes.

It is unthinkable that Uncle Sam would spend \$165,000,000.00 to create an Asiatic colony at our very doors in Mexico, just to enrich the already overflowing coffers of this coterie of rich land speculators. But this is what is being done.

A peculiar thing and an illustration of the clever way in which men who should know better have been twisted on this question is the way in which the senators to whom the people of Arizona looked for protection in this fight, acceded to the amendments which the Swing-Johnson bill carried when it passed, and which amendments entirely mislead the public ownership interests in Los Angeles and the Imperial Valley as well as cutting the throat of Arizona's interest in the Colorado River from ear to ear.

Arizona lost in this fight because no constructive counter-plan was presented. Arizona's senators and congressmen seemed to studiously avoid, yes, even to discredit, any attempt to present a constructive plan for Arizona, altho former Senator Cameron introduced in the preceding Congress such

a constructive plan which would have defeated the Boulder scheme if it had been followed up.

The whole controversy resolves itself down to two questions: one concerning a local issue, the result of which no one outside of Arizona and California cares anything about and that is the question as to whether the greater benefit from the power will go to Arizona or California.

The other question is a question of national importance. And that is this: Will the waters of the Colorado be used to establish a community of white American citizens in Arizona or will they be used to establish an Asiatic colony just across the line to be a festering thorn in the side of Uncle Sam and a menace to international peace forever?

Now, what can be done at this late date to prevent this great wrong maturing?

The first thing is to prevent the ratification of the seven-state compact either with or without a tri-state treaty of the lower basin states.

A tri-state treaty dividing the water which the seven-state compact would send down to the lower basin will not cure the basic error or perhaps, more correctly, the real conspiracy wrapped up in the seven-state compact.

The seven-state compact limits the use

of water in the United States and sends enough water down the river to irrigate the land to be developed in Mexico. It also provides that if this surplus shall not be sufficient, then the upper and lower basins shall contribute water enough from their allotments to make up the deficiency.

The seven-state compact is wrong in principle as well as in its purpose and it should never be, under any circumstances, made the basic law of the use of water from the Colorado River as is intended by the originators.

Now, here is the crux of the whole matter: the Boulder Dam and the seven-state compact would irrigate Mexico. On the other hand, the defeat of the compact and the construction of a diversion dam at Bridge Canyon will constitute an all-American plan that will use the waters of the Colorado River to irrigate Uncle Sam's land for the benefit of Uncle Sam's people.

It is up to Arizona and Utah now to refuse to ratify the seven-state compact and save Uncle Sam from making this terrible mistake, and to reject any plan for the development of the river until it is sure that a system of irrigation works will be constructed to consume the waters of the river in irrigating land within the borders of the United States.

Famous "Heart Throbs" of Famous People Continued from page 212

discontent, ambition, injustice and all the shades of differences between capital and labor, between miner and operator. Everyone is familiar with his sturdy figure and candid, far-seeing eyes, for like other men who are leaders, he has been much photographed, much quoted and misquoted.

John Llewellyn Lewis was born in Lucus, Iowa, in 1880 and became the legislative agent of the Mine Workers in 1900. He has represented the American Federationtion of Labor, served as president of the United Labor Bank and Trust Company

"The Miner's Fight for American Standards" is a book in which Mr. Lewis has expressed his views most clearly and which recalls some of his keen, comprehensive speeches at important labor conferences.

With such a background, it was almost natural to expect the labor leader's choice of a poem would be one directly dealing with life on its practical plane. He chose "Opportunity," by John Ingalls.

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

CHARLES R. CRISP

The Georgia Statesman gives "Abou Ben Adhem" as the Real Test of a Heart Throb

One of life's pleasantest experiences is that of catching from another a buoyant thought, a glimpse of light that reveals a broader outlook. In this assembling of favorite poems, it has been distinctly uplifting to be reminded of half-forgotten, ennobling thoughts of the inspired au-



Charles R. Crisp

thors. Once more the true lesson and the deep thought in "Abou Ben Adhem" was brought to my mind when Charles R. Crisp, the parliamentarian of the Democratic National Convention back in 1912, quoted the lines:

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight of his room, Making it rich and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in the room he said: "What writest thou?"—The vision raised its

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the
Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel,—Abou spoke more low, But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night It came again, with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

The career of a congressman — often cited to public criticism and unable at all times to bring to pass that which he has set his heart upon—may find comfort in the spirit of this poem. Political public life is not an easy road, although the path of Charles R. Crisp has been always toward success in what he has undertaken. The congressmen was born in Ellaville, Georgia, in 1870, and attended the public schools. After the study of law he was admitted to the bar, where his brilliancy led to his being chosen to complete his father's unexpired term in the fifty-fourth Con-

Fanny Kemble's Reign in America Recalled

Reminiscences revived by President Coolidge's visit to Sea Island coastal country of Georgia—Longfellow and Chief Justice Story wrote poems about her, while Chief Justice Marshall applauded—Her Journal turned the tide of opinion in England during the Civil War

RANCES ANNE KEMBLE, an English actress, and a member of that family which gave to England many fine actors, including Mrs. Siddons, with her father and aunt, came to America to retrieve the family fortunes which had been shattered by unfortunate investments.

She was a most striking personality and a great actress.

One writer has said:

"Of all the artists who played at the capital (Washington) none created such a furor as Fanny Kemble. The elder statesmen were captivated by her art and charm. John Marshall and Justice Story were regular attendants, and the Chief Justice was lustily cheered as he entered the box. When she played Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger,' the audience was moved to tears, 'the Chief Justice shed them in common with younger eyes'."

Even this learned Justice of the Supreme Court, Joseph Story, wrote poetry

to the brilliant actress.

"Genius and taste and feeling all combine
To make each province of the drama thine.
She first to Fancy's bright creation gives
The very form and soul; it breathes—it lives.
She next with grace inimitable plays
In every gesture, action, tone and gaze.
The last to nature lends its subtlest art
And warms and wins and thrills and melts
the heart.

Go, lovely woman, go. Enjoy thy fame, A second Kemble with a deathless name."

Miss Kemble married Pierce Butler, the grandson of Major Pierce Butler of South Carolina and Georgia. The original Major Butler of Sea Island fame was a cousin of the Duke of Ormond. He settled in South Carolina and married a Middleton. He was an Officer in the Revolutionary War and also a member of that first Congress of the United States. He was prominent in afairs in South Carolina and served as a member of the commission appointed to settle the boundary line between Georgia and South Carolina.

When President George Washington was looking around for an ambassador to England, Butler was considered for the place, but John Jay was appointed. When Butler later refused to vote for the Jay treaty some thought it was because of jealousy and remembrance of an early political dis-

During the early years of the Nineteenth Century, following the invention of the cotton gin, Major Butler bought an island in the delta of the Altamaha River—Butler's Island—and a plantation at the north end of St. Simons Island known as Hampton Point.

Butler's Island was given over to the cultivation of rice while sea island (long staple) cotton was raised at Hampton Point. More than a thousand slaves were kept on these two plantations.

Although Major Butler had these vast holdings in Georgia the family never lived here in the sense that they would call it



Fanny Kemble

home. The Butler mansion which he built in Philadelphia was a pretentious establishment, possibly the finest of its day in that city.

There were no sons and in his will he directed that his two grandsons, the sons of his daughter, should inherit his estate provided they would take the name of Butler.

It was one of these grandsons, known as Pierce Butler, who married Fanny Kemble. From the first it was not counted a happy marriage. Miss Kemble was bitterly opposed to slavery and claimed she did not know her husband owned slaves when she married him.

To thoroughly understand her attitude one must read her letters which she wrote her friends. In speaking of the Sedgwicks of Lenox, Mass., she said they were the only-congenial people she had met since she had been in America. She conceived the idea that if she would come South with her husband on one of his rare visits to the Butler plantations she might be able to do something for the welfare of the slaves, and even thought she might be able to persuade her husband to free them while they lived together. She arrived there with her

mind "made up" on the question and succeeded in causing quite a little disturbance among the negroes by listening to their small grievances and encouraging them in their complaints.

Her husband finally informed her that he would hear no more complaints from the slaves if they came through her. They doubtless imposed on her for she made it plain to them that she thought they were mistreated. She would not allow them to call her "Missus" as she informed them it was not meant for any man to be master of another.

The records she kept while there (the winter of 1838-39) were in the form of a diary, which she had promised to keep for her friend, Elizabeth Dwight Sedgwick. Although she did not love her husband and she abhorred slavery, she was keenly alive to the beauties of the land in which she was staying and many passages from her letters and journal written at this time are gems.

One of her great feminine charms was her voice and her first appearances in America took the form of Shakesperean readings.

In Boston, where she gave "As You Like It," we have this record of her appearance:

"A small, low table was in the center of the stage. Fanny Kemble walked in a stately manner upon the platform, bowed very low and respectfully before her audience, as if in the presence of royalty; then with courtly dignity, passed to the other side of the table and repeated the same profound salutation. After this she slowly took her seat behind the table and placed her feet on a rug beneath it. After concluding other preliminaries she announced the subject of her reading. Her voice was full, rich, melodious, and capable of every variation of expression. Her face was calm, heavy and serious in repose for she reserved her wealth of expression for the numerous characters represented in the reading of the play.'

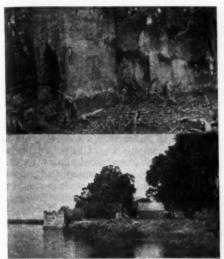
A critic of that time said of her: "There was a plain woman, 60 years of age, in simple evening toilet, who, without scenery, music or stage accessories of any kind, held her audience from three to four hours, reading entire plays from Shakespeare, while seated at a table. Her rendition of 'The Tempest' can never be effaced from memory. No company of stars with scenery and music can present to the soul's eye such a panorama of that great play as did this solitary, inspired reader."

Mrs. Kemble's audiences were made up of the most cultured people of every city that she visited. After attending one of these readings the poet Longfellow wrote a sonnet addressed to her, opening with the lines,

"O precious evenings! all too swiftly

sped!" and ending

"O happy Poet! by no critic vext! How much thy listening spirit now rejoice To be interpreted by such a voice!"



"tabby" Church at West Point near Frederica

Fort Frederica, built by Oglethorpe in 1736

From 1851 to 1856 Fanny Kemble lived in Lenox, Mass. She built a home and christened it "The Perch." The finest boulevard in the town was named Kemble Street. She gave to the Congregational Church a large clock that for fifty years after her death told the hours for the vil-

During the Civil War Fanny Kemble was in England and when she saw that England was inclined to be friendly to the South and favored to loan the Confederate States to finance the war, she decided to publish the journel she had kept while in Georgia. This was done and the book appeared under the title "Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation, 1838-39."

It caused a sensation. John Bright, a member and leader in the House of Commons, read the book and made a speech in Parliament that is said to have turned the tide for Lincoln and the Union-which meant the loan would not be made and in fact, decided the fate of the Confederate States as far as Great Britain was concerned.

Fanny Kemble's daughter, Sally, married Owen Wister, the elder, and their son is the famous novelist of today, Owen Wister. Mrs. Wister was very much like her mother in her attitude toward affairs, while the younger daughter, Fanny, was an ardent admirer of her father. Pierce Butler, although he lived in the North, sympathized with the South in the conflict between the States. He visited the prison camps and did what he could for the Confederate soldiers he found there. Following the Civil War he and his daughter Fanny came South and lived on the plantations in an attempt to make them pay.

After her father's death, Fanny Butler

remained here till her marriage to Rev. J. W. Leigh, the younger son of Lord Leigh of Stonleigh Abbey, who had a charge at Darien, formerly a thriving city near Brunswick, Ga.

Frances Butler Leigh (Fanny Kemble's daughter) published an account of her stay at the plantations under the title,



The grave of an exile from Arcadia at St. Mary's, Ga.

"Ten Years on a Georgia Plantation Since the War." In this book she refers to her mother only once, and then very casually, and, yet, it would seem to me that her sole purpose in writing the book was to show that her mother in her "Journal" gave a distorted picture of life on the planta-

When the old Major Pierce Butler espoused the cause of the Colonies and fought against the Mother Country, the

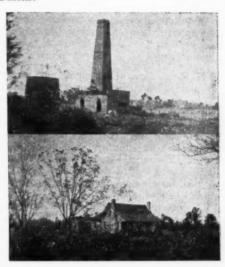


The old cemetery at St. Mary's, Ga.

members of the family in England severed "friendly relations." This was all smoothed out when Alice Leigh, the daughter of Frances Butler Leigh and granddaughter of Fanny Kemble, married Lord Butler, a

distant cousin. Lady Alice Butler visited Georgia about a year ago and made the acquaintance of many who had known her mother when she lived here.

from Fannie Kemble's These excerpts "Journal of Residence on a Georgian Planta-tion" describe scenes on Butler's Island, near Darien:



A scene on Butler's Island Cottage on Butler's Island where Fanny Kemble spent part of a winter

As I skirted one of these thickets today, I stood still to admire the beauty of the shrubbery. Every shade of green, every variety of form, every degree of varnish, and all in full leaf and beauty in the very depth of winter. The stunted dark-colored oak; the magnolia bay (like our own culinary and fragrant bay), which grows to a very great size; the wild myrtle, a beautiful and profuse shrub, rising to a height of six, eight and ten feet, branching on all sides in luxuriant tufted fullness; most beautiful of all, that pride of the South, the beautiful of all, that pride of the South, the magnolia grandiflora, whose lustrous dark green perfect foliage would alone render it an object of admiration, without the queenly blossoms whose color, size, and perfume are unrivaled in the whole vegetable kingdom. This rivaled in the whole vegetable kingdom. This last magnificent creature grows to the size of a forest tree in these swamps. Under all these the spiked palmetto forms an impenetrable covert, and from glittering graceful branch to branch hang garlands of evergreen creepers, on which the mocking-birds are swinging and singing even now; while I, bethinking me of the pinching cold that is at this hour tyrannizing over your region look round on this strange. ing over your region, look round on this strange scene—on these green woods, this unfettered river, and sunny sky—and feel very much like one in another planet from yourself.

But then the sky-if no human chisel ever yet cut breath, neither did any human pen ever write light; if it did, mine should spread out before you the unspeakable glories of these Southern heavens, the saffron brightness of morning, the blue intense brilliancy of noon, the golden splendor and the rosy softness of sunset. Italy and Claude Lorraine may go hand themselves together. Heaven itself does not seem brighter or more beautiful to the imagination than these surpassing pageants of agination than these surpassing pageants of fiery rays, and piled-up beds of orange, golden clouds, with edges too bright to look on, scat-tered wreaths of faintest rosy bloom, amber streaks and pale green lakes between, and amid sky all mingled blue and rose tints, a spectacle to make one fall over the side of the boat, with one's head broken off with looking adoringly upward, but which, on paper, means nothing.

From time to time a thicket of exquisite evergreen shrubs broke the monotonous lines of the countless pine shafts rising round us,

Continued on page 233

Chemical Warfare in National Defense

The subject of an address delivered before the Government Club of New York City. January 7, 1929, and broadcast over WRC and other stations

By MAJOR GENERAL AMOS A. FRIES

Chief of Chemical Warfare Service

N these days of so much paid propaganda, when there are so many things being said by people with motives other than they are willing to state, I feel that I owe it to my listeners wherever they may be to state my position unequivocally. First, I am an American and proud of it. I am a nationalist-an out and out nationalist. There isn't a thing international in my makeup except international good will, which I believe in.

I believe in the Constitution of the United States; the laws of the United States; its ideals; the public schools; and last, but

most important, the home.

Coming back to the question of nationalism, I feel toward other nations as I do toward the neighbors among whom I live down in Washington. I want our neighborhood to be a fine one, with the streets in fine condition, the schools the best, the houses painted, the gardens full of flowers and fruits, and I am willing to co-operate with my neighbors to the extent of my powers that we shall make that neighborhood the most attractive in the city. I desire that my children shall get on amicably with other children whoever they may be, that neighborhood. I desire to be friends with all of them.

All that is outside my doorstep. When that neighbor comes inside my door I demand that he comport himself in accordance with my ideals and those of my home; and if he is my friend, he will do so. I brook no interference by him whatsoever in the internal management of my home or what goes on inside my house, so long as I keep within the laws of the land.

And that is my feeling towards all other It follows then, as day follows night, that I try to keep highly efficient locks on my doors and windows; that I willingly pay taxes to keep an efficient police force in the city in which I dwell in order that if there should happen to be among my neighbors or elsewhere in my community those who are not willing to obey the laws, both written and moral-laws that protect my home-I shall have the police to call on and thus force them to keep the law.

These locks on my doors and windows and my support of the Police Department are not a menace but a protection to my neighbor as well as myself. I mention these things for the reason that everything I shall say will be based on the fundamental idea stated so wonderfully by Stephen Decatur: "Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

In other words, I am going to defend my country in her hour of peril, whether I believe she was wrong when she got into the trouble or not. I don't want her to be wrong, but right or wrong, I am going to protect her until the danger is past and then do my part as a citizen to see that the wrong is righted, and that she shall not be wrong again.

And it follows again, as night follows day, that I am for a strong nation; I am for our nation strong enough in military and naval affairs that she can say to any other nation, or all nations: "We want -peace with justice and honor, and we will accept no peace that does not give us justice and honor, but will fight so long as we have the power to fight for peace with honor and justice."

Just as the strong locks on my doors and windows and the strong police force in my community are no menace to my neighbors, just so is a strong nation that believes in righteousness no menace to other nations. Indeed, a weak nation that is not in a position to protect her own people or those foreigners dwelling within her borders, invites aggression, is in truth a standing invitation to trouble from those whose cupidity is greater than their desire for square dealing.

There are groups of people who seem always to attack the United States whenever the United States desires to strengthen any of its defenses, whether Army or Navy. They pretend to be, and I presume are, citizens of the United States, and I want to say right here that they have a right to make their beliefs known, but what puzzles me is why they are so afraid of themselves and their neighbors that they are always harping on a mythical menace to the peace of the world that they see rising like the goblins of old whenever the United States desires to build fifteen cruisers, or a thousand airplanes, or to make some other reasonable military preparation to preserve peace under all conditions.

Why these people who rail against a strong United States are so afraid, I repeat, of themselves and their neighbors that they are afraid to see them armed is beyond my comprehension, especially so after a diligent reading of their literature for seven long years. I have yet to find a single group, or may I say single sentence in the loads of literature turned out by those groups, that has attacked any foreign nation for building ships, fortifications, airplanes, chemical warfare plants or other means of establishing national security. With whom do they associate? If they cannot trust themselves and other Americans, whom do they trust and why? I leave the answer to you.

Now, I am scheduled to talk on chemical warfare as an important item of national defense. I have taken considerable time to explain my position because all my work on chemical warfare is based solely on the object of making the United States supreme in that effective means of national defense as an aid to keeping the peace of the world-peace at home for American citizens, and abroad peace with honor and

Insofar as my work with chemical warfare will bring about that state of affairs. insofar shall I feel "when the last sad hour comes" as William Cullen Bryant said. "That I will have done my duty to my country, to my God, and to my family," and in the days to come should trouble threaten, they will rise up and call me blessed and not curse my name as they would did I leave them not the power to take care of themselves, as my forefathers have left me the power to take care of myself, peace or

The Chemical Warfare Service of the United States Army and Navy was born in the midst of the World War. From that day to this it has been the desire of those who believe in it that it should lead the world in that art, and I think it does. There has been so much propaganda against chemical warfare that one cannot speak on this subject without calling attention to the absurdities that have so often in the past been uttered and are still being uttered by those who are ignorant or who have some axe to grind-an axe whose handle is to be wielded by someone they don't want known.

You have been told undoubtedly that war gases were the newest thing in the World War, concocted by devilish men in government laboratories for the destruction of human beings, both sailors and civilians, and especially women and children. Now, in mentioning women and children I am not making this statement too strong. I have those words in writing by some special organizations just now attacking the Navy cruiser bill.

The chemicals used in the World War were not new; they were not discovered in government factories. Some of them were chemicals of wide commercial use; all of them that were in use had been searched out in chemical laboratories operated for the purpose of studying pure science or for developing some new material that would bring wealth, or perhaps while trying to find a cure for some disease that had been scourging the world.

The first gas used was chlorine, one of the most valuable things in the world for saving human life. Today it purifies the water of the civilized world—I presume some hundreds of billions of gallons per day. Who can count the inestimatble value to every civilized nation that this chlorine treatment of water is. It was used before the world war to bleach newspapers, in order that you might have white paper on which to print with black ink, instead of some brown, mottled or muddy looking paper. That would be the usual color were it not for this bleaching process.

Chlorine was used before the World War, and still is, to reclaim gold, that most valuable of the precious metals. Chlorine was shipped all over the world in cylinders as a liquid, the cylinders containing 45 to 60 pounds. Every high school boy who had studied a little chemistry had sniffed it. He was never told that it was deadly—perhaps not one teacher in a hundred knew it, himself, and in truth chlorine isn't deadly until you get enough of it. To say get enough of it sounds curious, doesn't it? Yes, and the same thing is true of strychnine which is a wonderful medicine in proper doses and deadly in larger ones.

Many fresh fruits are wonderful and their juice wonderful even for babies, but an over dose might be deadly as every mother knows. In fact, there are few medicines in the world that are not dangerous in over doses. And so while the world knew chlorine, it had never thought about what would happen if you turned loose over an Army a sufficient quantity to give perhaps one thousand to four thousand parts of chlorine in each million

parts of air.

That is just what the Germans did in the first gas attack on April 22, 1915. That was a very deadly attack, the deadliest of all gas attacks made; perhaps one-third of all those injured by the chlorine died. Why? Exactly for the same reason that perhaps one-third or more of the children who got diphtheria before diphtheria anti-toxin was perfected, died; that is, before there was any antidote or protection against it. Today, with the modern gas mask we can go into atmospheres of chlorine that would be deadly in half a minute or less, with perfect safety.

The next chemical used after chlorine had lost a great deal of its effectiveness through the development of masks, was phosgene, a combination of carbon monoxide and chlorine. And why do you suppose the Germans started using phosgene? One reason was just as I have stated, the imperfect masks of that day were nearly a perfect protection against chlorine, and the Germans realized that a far greater effect could be producted if another chemical would be found that was much more difficult to protect against.

Phosgene was that chemical, nearly ten times as powerful and we might say ten times as difficult to protect against. In fact, except for the discovery by a Russian about that time of hexa-methylineteramine, phosgene would have won the war for the Germans. I know of no other chemical at that time that could have

given the protection that hexa-methylinetetramine gave to the gas mask. Without it, the chlorine gas masks would have failed almost completely and the Allies would have been driven off the field of battle.

But the masks were improved and while phosgene was ten times as powerful and ten times as difficult to protect against, the Germans never achieved with it anywhere near the chance of final victory they achieved with the first attack with chlorine when the troops were totally unprotected; i. e., unprepared to meet a gas attack. And therein lies a lesson that America should never forget—that the greatest danger she can face is the danger of unpreparedness on land or sea, in the air or under the water.

Phosgene was known to the Germans, its power and its use had been studied: manufacturing methods had been worked out, all because it was found that phosgene was the best material for the production of certain beautiful dyes, as greens, pinks and reds. It was manufactured by the Germans for that purpose. Therefore, all they had to do when they decided to use it in war was to extend that manufacture. Let is said that the English within four months after the first German gas attack were making attacks on the Germans with chlorine because England knew how to manufacture chlorine, how to liquify it, and how to handle it as well as the Germans. But England didn't know how to manufacture phosgene; in fact, I don't think England ever manufactured phosgene to any extent in the World War.

The French could not manufacture phosgene at first and neither could the Americans. The French, however were the first to manufacture phosgene and to the end of the war I think manufactured nearly all the phosgene that both the French and the English used.

After the first surprise with phosgene and after the Allies began to shoot large quantities of it as a liquid in shells back to the Germans, the Germans cast about for some other chemical that would have a more powerful effect, or at least a different effect. Perhaps they had been studying that question for a year before hand; but whether or not they had, they could readily find in chemical literature that another German, Victor Meyer, in 1886 had worked on a chemical and had studied its peculiar physical and physiological properties. That chemical is dichlorethylsulfide, popularly known as mustard gas; however, it hasn't anything to do with mustard.

Mustard gas is a chemical combination of chlorine, sulphur, and ethylene vapor of grain alcohol. It is not only a liquid, but a very persistent, slowly evaporating liquid. We consider water as a unit of weight and measure for liquids. Likewise, water is used as the measure for boiling points, freezing points and in many other ways. Considering water as the unit, we find that the so-called mustard gas, liquid I mean, is one-third again as heavy as water, with a boiling point double that of water, or about 423°F., and

a rate of evaporation that is very much slower. How much slower, I do not know, but I should say not less than twenty-five times as slow as water.

This mustard gas, however, has some other peculiar properties. Instead of irritating the tissues of the lungs, and in some cases the eyes, throat and bronchial tubes, as did chlorine, phosgene, chlorpicrin, and other of the early chemicals used in chemical warfare, it burned. It burned whether it was the eyes, throat or bronchial tubes or the skin. It went through cloth whether it was a vapor or liquid as though there were no cloth there. It caused no immediate discomfort.

You have been told how horrible gases are, but they are not horrible. Mustard gas is really a very delightful substance when you first encounter it, and at any time for that matter if in small enough quantities. As a gas is smells in some cases like garlic, in other cases like mustard. After you have smelled it for fifteen or twenty minutes you lose the sense of smell of it. It doesn't cause you any discomfort for eight to twelve hours, and then the eyes may begin to smart, the throat may be a little sore, and you find redness developing on the skin in various places. That is exactly what happened in the first mustard gas attack against the British on the night of the 12th and 13th of July, 1917. The Germans fired quite a lot of those mustard gas shells against the British lines. When the firing began, the British Tommies got into their dugouts or their deep trenches, thinking they were due another "straffing" as it was called: that is, they must endure another deluge of H. E. shells. But those shells did not sound like the old ones with their terriffic crashes accompanied by the hurtling of great quantities of stones and dirt. They were more like popguns. The British Tommies began to laugh, thinking the war must be about over-that the Germans had lost the kick that had been in the H. E. shell.

And so the hours wore on, but about the time the day dawned, the British Tommy realized that the joke was on him. He began to have the symptoms I described. His eyes smarted, he discovered some soreness of throat and bronchial tubes, and his skin began to itch and burn in spots.

Now just another point, in the earlier attacks with chlorine and phosgene, men began to die within perhaps a half hour, and in forty-eight hours all that were going to die had died, barring some special conditions. I might interpolate right here that you have been told how terribly deadly these gases are. The very worst gas attack-the first chlorine one-was barely as deadly as the average bullet, bayonet, and H. E. shell or bomb injury. The average deaths from these chemicals that I am telling you about, such as phosgene, where deaths occurred within forty-eight hours, was on an average about one-sixth as high as the average from shells, bullets and bombs. Mustard gas, however, acted differently from the earlier gases. Practically no one died within forty-eight hours and then the deaths strung along. In fact, the deaths were in many cases due to outside infections such as pneumonia and

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BOOK REVIEWS

HE increasing interest in the South American Countries tends to make Mrs. Larz Anderson's account of those regions timely and of great interest to the people of the United States. Mrs. Anderson is an inveterate globe-trotter and a fluent writer of interesting accounts of her travels. She is well informed on political questions and is a familiar figure in Diplomatic Circles.

Her account of the South American countries is interesting reading, and contains so much accurate information that anyone leaving for those countries should not fail to read the book "Circling South America." She tells what to wear, the political and financial conditions, historical incidents, and many thrilling incidents which occurred during the trip.

It might be well for the United States and the European Nations to follow this method of two South American countries in the great struggle for World Peace. A little more Christianity and a little less dickering might be an immense help. The following excerpt from the book will show what the two South American countries did to insure peace and goodwill.

"The celebrated 'Christ of the Andes,'

Outside a Newspaper Office at Buenos Aires

A Government Building in Buenos Aires
Ford Parlor Cars on way to Tacna

which stands dramatically on the highest point of the Indian trail, and which most tourists especially desire to see, is, alas, no longer passed on this train trip, as a tunnel has been built to shorten the route. About the beginning of the twentieth century Chile and the Argentine were on the verge of war, and increasing their armaments to the utmost of their ability. The boundary line between them was the chief cause of dispute. The British ministers in Santiago and Buenos Aires did their best to bring about a peaceful settlement, and two Roman Catholic bishops, one from each land, traveled from town to town and village to village, talking to the people and begging the local clergy to work for a policy of peace. On Easter Sunday, one of these good men, Bishop Benevente, proposed that some day a statue of Christ be placed on the Andean border to be seen by all passers-by, and prevent any recurrence of animosity and strife between the two nations.

"Petitions were sent broadcast from all sides to the legislatures, and the King of England was called in as arbitrator. He put the case into the hands of jurists and geographers, who awarded part of the disputed territory to one nation and part to the other. The decision was cheerfully accepted. Followed between the two nations the first general arbitration treaty ever concluded, with a resulting reduction of both armies and battleships. With the money saved, schools, highways, and the great trans-Andean railway were constructed.

"The suggestion of the bishop was carried out, largely through the women's organizations of the two countries, and the statue executed by a young Argentine sculptor, Mateo Alonso. The figure was cast at the Arsenal of Buenos Aires from old cannon taken from an ancient fortress outside the city. In March 1904, it was unveiled before thousands of people, right on the boundary line, while the Argentines ranged themselves on the soil of Chile, and the Chileans on the Argentine side. The statue is more than fifty feet high, including the granite pedestal on which it stands. The inscription on its base reads:

'Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentine and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.'"

"Circling South America" is published by the Marshall Jones Company of Boston. Mr. A. Anderson of Kansas City is responsible for the many fine photographs which illustrate the book. Price, \$4.00.

road has been set forth in a story by Edward Hungerford. This account of "The Story of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad" has recently been published in two volumes by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It is a record of the 100 years of service of the oldest existing railroad in the United States today. It covers the period when the railroad first began its long and eventful career in 1827, to 1927 when the "Fair of the Iron Horse" was held to celebrate the 100th birthday of the "Baltimore and Ohio." The colorful career of this famous old railroad which is linked with some of the most famous names in railroad history makes the readers feel proud of the typical American courage, and enterprise which it represents. Dreams came true, but only due to the great effort and integrity of the railroad. The last paragraph in volume two tells of

REMARKABLE record of the progress of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-

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The Market at Arica
Hanging Gardens, Santiago, Chili
Mrs. Larz Anderson, Mr. Hobart Porter, Mr.
Inderson and Mr. Reggio on board the "Laconia"

R. F. C.

Charms of Emerald Isle "A Bit o' Heaven"

The Free State of Ireland remains the nearest neighbor of America in Europe—Erin offers scenic and historic charm to the tourist too often overlooked in a tour abroad

By LARZ ANDERSON

N leaving Limerick we began to get really lost, and so it was we ran unexpectedly into Killaloe, much to my gratification, for it is one of the places of greatest historic interest. Lough Derg, a wide water of the Shannon, lies ravishingly between the mountains of Clare and Tipperary, and here was the abode of the greatest of all Gaelic kings, Brian Boru, whose residence was probably on the hill opposite, where there is a large rath, or mound

for a meeting place, and what may have been a wide parade ground.

The scenery about here is fine, and a paradise for fishermen. In the swift river are salmon which average at times some thirty pounds catch, while above in the Derg are famous trout-waters. This is one of the few waters where there is May fly-fishing, which, in my ignorance, had meant to me fly-fishing in May, but it really means fishing with flies that strangely rise from the bottom of the lake in May and spread their wings when they reach the surface. "Dapping" is done with these flies from a very light line at the end of a very long rod, and consists in allowing the lure just to pat the surface of the lake till the fish rise and make "swirl" and "pouch it." seemed to me a development of the method, which is practiced in the Catalina Islands, where the bait is on a line carried up over a kite and just allowed to drop and skip over the water like a flying fish. I fear, that all this splendid sport is going to be sadly affected by the great project to divert much of the waters

of the Shannon at this point for power purposes, to produce electricity on such a scale as to provide it for the whole of Ireland. This seems rather a large order to undertake. The contract was given to a German firm in preference to any nearer home. On the one hand I hear that the German firm is behind in its work, on the other that it is months ahead. I suppose it depends on one's political views. As we motored we saw in places high iron towers being set up to carry the wires, and already defacing the peaceful landscape with its suggestion of modern methods.

From Killaloe we tried to find the main road to Nanagh, and I enjoyed the narrow back lanes that wandered through the little valleys, between the hedges, with scattered cottages, almost unreal in their quaintness. We met peasants who looked and acted and talked as if they had just stepped out of an Irish novel. In all my trip I only saw two

plows at work in the fields! There was an immense amount of road building and repair, which must be costing the Government enormous sums, but it was all being done so carefully with regard to traffic that we were at no time delayed. We passed many ancient rath mounds and ruins innumerable, antiquities that date back a thousand years; cottages and villages, hedges carefully trimmed into designs, topiary work, with



Blackwater River, Fermoy

men clipping who might better have been at profitable work in the fields. We met tinkers and gypsies with their houses on wheels. We passed through Maryborough and old Kildare, about it an hunting country; and Curragh, which means a wide open space, where is the headquarters of the Free State army. It was all entertaining, but not to compare with what I had seen in County Cork and County Kerry in the south. We came to Dublin, after all, at about the time we had planned and put up at the Shelbourne Hotel.

Oh, Dublin, delightful city!—I forthwith fell quite in love with Dublin. A complete city of Georgian architecture, except where fine medieval churches or castles enrich it by contrast—or where some "crossness" has burnt down its precious monuments and the rebuilding is incongruous. In Boston we take such pride in the redemption of Beacon Hill, its return to a residential

quarter, its charming Colonial houses, so restful and seeming so apart from our ugly bustling modern American life. Beacon Hill is a tiny miniature projection of Dublin, a city fronting on green parks, and of great buildings that are the glories of the Georgian period. But Dublin is not on a hill, it is on low land. The residences with their simple flat faces are much alike and yet have doorways and fanlights and iron

porches or step rails to embellish their fronts and make them all different. The door-plates and knockers are polished brightly by the housemaids that I saw in the morning, for strangely enough they are late risers

in Ireland.

I walked about St. Stephen's Green and Merrion Square and the other fashionable places and saw the postman going his rounds and stopping to chat with the housemaids. I was grateful that there were no high buildings to spoil the sky line or fatigue the eye. I called to see the American Consulate General, Mr. Hathaway. He lives in a charming house in Merrion Square. The arrangement of the interior was delightfully old-fashioned and the ceilings and relief decorations quite perfect. I walked through Stephen's Green, with its rockery and waterfalls and many kinds of ducks on its artificial water, its flower beds and bandstand, and then around the square itself I saw, with some surprise in the what I had supposed a most Catholic city, a Unitarian Church, and then a Presbyterian Association established in one of the

fine old houses, and a Methodist Centre. A few minutes later, down a leading street I came across the "Christian Science Reading Room." I am told that there is, too, a quite large Quaker colony in the city. So much for religious freedom and toleration in Dublin. Almost opposite this retreat was advertised a "Turf Accountant," the euphonius name for the office of a bookmaker, for sport in Erin enters even into the most sacred precincts.

The great public buildings are famous. I think the "Four Courts" is even now—for the late "crossness" could not ruin it all—the finest bit of architecture I have ever seen. O, those vandals who destroy such glorious monuments in their insensate wrath! The splendid façade of the Excise and Customs House, though partly demolished by the enemies of their own country, is noble in design—what remains of it. Both of these great and superb developments of

Illustrations for this article provided by the Hamburg-American Line

architecture are being restored, and the good people of today are now taxed to pay the folly of yester year. But already the newness of the restoration blots the glory of the old—I had almost rather they would leave the ruin so that one might restore it in the mind's eye. In many years the rebuilding may be complete and time may

brary and was shown its wealth of precious manuscripts and illuminations. There were books of the sixth and seventh centuries in excellent condition, while the most treasured of all is the "Book of Kells," with its page after page of rich and glorious painting. It is said that a page is turned over every day (for it lies secured in a

Age the Eldorado of Western Europe, from which times gold ornaments have come down to us—lunulae, crescent shaped collars of thin gold; and gorgets, another type of collar; penannular rings, which have been used as money or as brooches; and torques, which are thought to have been used as ornamental belts around the waist

or as offerings to some Celtic god of wealth. These are of gold and handsome although of primitive simplicity. Some of the exhibits. the guardian told me. are of fifteen hundred years before the Christian era down to the Ardagh Chalice, the Cross of Cong, of wondrous filagree work, "supreme jewels of Gaelic workmanship.

There were many things I wanted to see, to experience, in Ireland, now that I was there. I wanted to see an Irish race meeting and I had the chance, for on my first afternoon in Dublin there was racing at the Curragh of Kildare, a real opportunity to see a real Irish racing crowd. It poured off and on all day, but I

felt sure that rain could not keep away the racing "regulars" and so would make the event the more characteristic. And Irish rain does not wet one any more than does Scotch rain which is supposed not to wet at all. At any rate, Captain Williamson and I motored out some thirty miles to Curragh Race course. This time my chauffeur did not lose his way, you may be sure-he was too much of an Irishman to fail to find a race course. He knew his way by instinct and we traveled fast and straight. It is a small one but it entirely satisfied my ideal of an Irish meeting on that account. It was like a series of prints that we buy and hang in our houses because they represent the sporting crowds in the world. The stands were small and simple but they had the earmarks of a great race course, from little reserved pavilions to one side to the bars underneath them, crowded by the fraternity between the races: with its saddling paddock and weighing in pens reserved for the first, second and third horses. There were lines of bookmakers, standing on all sorts of contraptions so as to be seen above the crowd, shouting out their odds; and many women among the milling crowd of men who were betting and looking over the horses and-betting again. It was not like any other racing crowd in the world, few in numbers but varied in characters-from owners to the stable boys, all lovers of the horse,-and on this day in the pouring rain the lush grass track was heavy and the running slow, the action of the horses like that in a slow The tracks were straightaway movie.



Irish Countryside and Ross Castle

color the new stone and "Four Courts" may be itself again, and we hope once more the seat of Justice.

At present the Courts sit in Dublin Castle, which is architecturally disappointing for though it is erected on a slight eminence, Cork Hill, it is of an uninteresting character, red brick, with large courtyards through rather imposing gate-entrances, but a real perspective is impossible on account of the buildings about it and there is no good approach. This was, however, the seat of the British Government, although the Vice Regal Lord Lieutenant preferred residence at the Lodge in Phoenix Park.

I delighted, too, in the old Parliament building, which now is the Bank of Ireland, with its rounding columned fronts, so stately and dignified. And nearly opposite is the façade and gate of Trinity College, a magnificent specimen of the period. Gandon was the architect of these glories and should be ever held blessed. The gardens inside are a delight, with wings and chapel, but alas! the dormitory reminded me of my dear University yard at home, a red brick building, incongruous among these stone glories. Outside was the gate to Protestant Trinity, in the heart of Dublin, where stand two fine statues of Burke and Goldsmith, by Foley, facing College Green. And a fine effigy of William of Orange.

One morning I started out again to walk about Dublin and see it as intimately as I could in my short time. I first went to Trinity College. I visited the wonderful li-

case) so that visitors may return repeatedly and see varied its magnificent detail.

The National Gallery is in a suitable building by Leinster House, and the National Museum is in another wing on the other side. The gallery proved to contain an excellent collection of pictures-there seemed to me to be very few that weren't good and worth exhibiting. The most interesting part was that of the Irish painters, chiefly portrait painters, whose works alongside the famous Englishmen stood out quite evenly. In juxtaposition to Reynoldses and Raeburns and Romneys and Lawrences and Turners, the best of them. were portraits of Catterson Smith and Rothwell and Thompson, Hone and Osborne, and other Irishmen, really masters. There were some amusing small caricature portraits by Reynolds of, evidently, celebrities of his time; and the portrait of Wilson by Sargent, painted by the artist for a ten thousand pound charity gift to the Red Cross fund soon after the war, which shows Mr. Wilson in his most agreeable mood. But especially, I think, a visit to the gallery is most worthwhile because the counterfeit presentments, the features and appearance of so many of Dublin's and Ireland's famous men and characters are seen hanging on the walls—Swift and his "Stella," Goldsmith, Sheridan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald at random-and these help to visualize the men and their times.

The Museum is especially important on account of its finds of Celtic gold ornaments, the finest collection existing. For Ireland seems to have been in the Bronze from the right, the longer tracks wandered about the landscape but almost always kept in sight of the stands. There was a two mile race that seemed to be all over the place but ended up at the proper finish.

The "Curragh" means a wide open place, and here the green country rolled off to fine Wicklow mountains beyond. I have seen a classic "Sellinger" run; races at Budapest and Vienna in the days of their glory, near Rome, and in Kentucky which, perhaps, provides the nearest thrill next to Ireland; races at Buenos Aires and even, long ago, at Hongkong, but I have never enjoyed such a scene or experience as this one. Later I visited and walked about the Phoenix Park race course much like a French course, with handsome stands and club houses and paddocks, embowered in trees and set out with flower beds, but it might be anywhere else as well as Ireland.

One evening in Dublin we went to the Abbey Theatre, the National Irish theatre whose plays and actors were acclaimed abroad, and much in the States, before Dublin itself realized their quality. It is now called by some, "the Glory of Dublin" for it not only gave to Ireland a national drama but it proved an instrument in the movement for national liberation. In this rather dingy and queerly shaped theatre—once a music hall, I believe, and before that a morgue—are given purely Irish plays by purely Irish players, and the more revolutionary the play, apparently, the greater its success. Yeats and Lady Gregory and Len-

nox Robinson are among its directors and managers. We saw a play, "The Round Table" by Lennox Robinson, which was amusing but rather amateurish. It was weird and unsatisfactory and left an unpleasant taste in the mouth. The next play was to be "Kathleen ni Houlihan," which was said to be a favorite. And the next following was to be "Emperor Jones," and I should like to have seen Irishmen playing negro parts.

The two great cathedrals of Dublin are Protestant — Christ Church Cathedral is for Dublin, while St. Patrick's Cathedral, the more famous, is for all Ireland, National. The original church of the former was built

in the eleventh century by the Danes and rebuilt later by the Normans, while the latter was built near the site of a well at which St. Patrick baptized his converts and built a place of worship. Both have been lately restored by private munificence. St. Patrick's may have needed this restoration badly since Cromwell used it as a law court and James II as a stable. For long the pre-

cincts of St. Patrick's were in a fortification outside the walls and were called "the Liberties." This district is still called so and is supposed to be slums, but all seemed very clean and neat. I saw no slums in Dublin to compare with those we have to pass through in any American city in driving to our railway stations.

As I took my walks I passed houses sacred to the memory of famous Dublinites who had been born in them. I passed the house of Dean Swift's nativity on the way to the cathedral where I saw his tomb near his "Stella's" grave. In another street was the house where the Duke of Wellington is said to have been born, but this is not certain, for his mother and his nurse disagreed as to his place of birth. This house had twin lamps on each side of its front steps. and I wondered if the privilege granted to old-time mayors of New York to place two lights on their front steps had, perhaps, some Irish origin, some Tammany reminder of the auld countree customs. This house was opposite the buildings of what were once the Royal College of Science and are now the government department offices. The Dail is settled in Leinster House and part of what was the Museum building. Free State had an embarrassment of riches to choose from when they looked around to find where to establish themselves. And there are some fine possibilities that still remain vacant. None of the present government care for splendor or great houses, and the King's representative, Mr. Timothy Healy, feels unhappy and lost in the Vice at a rental—a solution that promises to be satisfactory to all.

I was sorry to miss the arrival of Mr. Sterling, our new Minister, whom I know quite well. He postponed his sailing owing to the despicable assassination of Mr. O'Higgins, who had been the very one to prepare the arrangements for his reception. For as Mr. Sterling was to be the first diplomatic representative ever to be received by the Free State Government, a careful program had to be made as a precedent. On this occasion I was told the government had decided to take our "protocol" as an example and have a troop of cavalry escort the Minister to and from his visit to the Vice Regal Lodge (which isn't far away from the legation) in the same way as we turn out a troop from Fort Myer on occasions of especial ceremony. It had been a question whether the Minister would be received first by the King's representative or by the President of the Free State, who really isn't the President of the State but of its Council. We at home, at any rate, haven't had to meet that difficulty.

I have no doubt the cavalry will turn out handsomely, for I have seldom seen smarter or prouder soldiers than of this National Army. They were a greenish uniform, very neat, well cut and military, and when they are out on leave they walk cockily with their swagger sticks swinging in their hands and their gloves tucked nattily under their left shoulder strap. They were on guard at many places in the capital, and looked real soldiers, no nonsense about them. I realized



St. Patrick's Bridge, Cork

Regal Lodge, I understand. The two lovely lodges in Phoenix Park that used to be occupied by the Chief Secretary and Under Secretary of the English Raj are vacant, I was told, because there is no member of the Free State Government who can afford or cares to live in them. So the Under Secretary's Lodge has been offered to the new American Minister for an indefinite time,

the imminence of danger, which Mr. Cosgrave made plain at this time in a speech, in which he detailed the dangers due to the renewed activities of the secret revolutionary army with its murder-program, and I noticed that all guards, at the approach of anyone, brought their bayoneted guns to a charge as a challenge and kept at charge till a satisfactory explanation was made. The famous Irish

Constabulary of the old days and the Metropolitan Police of Dublin have been succeeded by a Civic Guard that patrols city and country. They, too, are most neat and soldierly-looking men, their uniform something like a "bobby's," but generally with a uniform cap, although I saw helmets in Cork. These men seem to take their duties seriously and allow no fooling—and I only wish that our police at home of Irish extraction might feel this sense of responsibility and this discipline, and make as fine and dignified a showing.

was the ancestor of Kathleen Emmet whom I used to know and who is now Lady Denbigh, and whom I saw lately in Boston.

In our peregrinations about the city we came across a vast wall and tower of stone standing high above the river, but hidden back from the streets. There was difficulty in learning anything about this find, but at last we came across a little note in a book that told of it as including part of the twelfth century church and the only remnant of the old city gates, St. Audoens. In the huge in-

was closed at this time, for the wife of Mr. Tim Healy had died within the week. The other lodges, the old Chief Secretary's lodge and the one which is to be occupied by our Minister, are smaller. The Legation lodge, which I visited, is quite small but a pretty villa. Both are in gardens with fine views. It still is a question whether the lodge can be considered extra-territorial, as legations generally are, for it is government property and may not be permitted to fly our flag, so Mr. Sterling may have to have his chancery in the

city, which might be to his advantage as well as to that of American visitors passing through.

It was great fun to drive again in stuffy old cabs, like old-time London "growlers," but instead of hansom cabs of days gone by in London there were jaunting cars on the cab stands here today, with voluble but civil drivers. One of the amusing sights of the city is to see Americans trying to look happy on a side car; alas, they can't do it - their terror is too evident

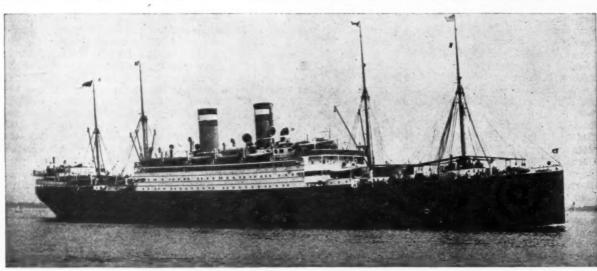
on their faces and in their strained attitudes.

It is something like riding a camel for the first time. There were comparatively few motors, and no congestions anywhere, thanks

The city seemed well governed and there was no sign of danger or trouble on the surface. De Valera was said to be in hiding; little was heard from the Republicans since the assassination of Kevin O'Higgins. Under the Free State the government of Dublin has been changed. The Mayor and Corporation have been superseded by three Commissioners, City Managers. It was found that the old form had its faults, as, alas, we find in some of our own municipalities under certain administrations.

It may be interesting to note here that de Valera is the son of a cook that was once in the employ of the Robert Bacons, who lived above Jamaica Pond below our hill, and a Cuban stableman, I believe. And it is a mystery how this hybrid man can have got

such a hold on real Irishmen born and bred. With the withdrawal of the English, all fashion and distinction departed from Dublin; all functions, all stateliness, are gone and the drab of Democracy is settling over the city, over the land. Dublin was made to be a capital; it provides a fine setting for ceremonies and fashionable life. But gaiety has gone the way of fashion; it is no longer gayeven the restaurants are dying of inanition. The glory of Dublin is no more-in the country as well as in town it is gone. And, indeed, in looking back through the pages of Ireland's history, it would seem that all of Ireland's proud possessions, its cities, its abbeys, its great country houses, are the monuments of conquering races, such as Danes,



S. S. Cleveland

Phoenix Park is a really royal looking demesne; its avenue divides the park and passes the fine monument at the center. On each side are forests, and green open glades, where deer and cattle feed, and fern glens and vistas and screens of foliage. There is a famous polo ground with pretty stand and excellent field with one of the loveliest of outlooks across the park to the Wicklow hills, and cricket-grounds and playing fields, for all the people to enjoy. The many handsome monuments stand out in fine relief against the sky, for Phoenix Park is on high ground along the bank of the Liffey. Nearby is the People's Garden and the Zoo.

Almost opposite the entrance to the Vice Regal Lodge is where Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were foully assassinated in 1882 by the "Invincibles," another murderous group who clothed their sinister plans with names suggesting noble motives. Indeed, as one walks the streets of Dublin, one place after another seems to recall some dramatic or sinister deed. One guide book has a single paragraph on exciting events in later history as follows: "In Bridge Street some of the Committee of 'United Irishmen' which had met there were executed. At No. 22 Corn Market Lord Edward Fitzgerald found refuge before his capture. Turning to the right along historic Thomas Street you notice No. 152, where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was captured and killed by Major Sirr in 1798. Not far off Lord Kilwarden was killed a few years after in a riot. In front of St. Catharine's Church (left), Robert Emmet, 'the Irish darling,' as Thackeray called him, was executed in 1803." This seems rather like crowding the mourners. I may add, to bring matters up to date, that Robert Emmet terior a modern church is now established, with an interesting chapel and Norman font. But one fine thing I missed, to my regret, and that was the Royal Hospital, an important work by Wren, reported to be most beautiful.

We passed by the vast Guinness breweries, whose famous owners were among the first of their business to be raised to the "Beerage" of Great Britain and Ireland. It is an immense collection of buildings covering many acres, but the most wonderful thing about this great concern is that they have never had a strike, and employees are satisfied to remain for life. Many barges loaded with filled and empty barrels were passing up and down the canal-like river, one scene at least of bustle and activity! And even on this rather ugly bit of water were swans, for we saw swans everywhere on the fetid canals of the cities, and on the rivers in the country, and proudly swimming in the seascapes of the fiords, bringing grace and charm even into drab places.

The excellence of the local ale (called beer) and stout is probably due to the especial quality of the water used in the manufacture, out of a certain river nearby—just as the excellence of Pilsener beer is due to the waters used. I once visited Pilsen, after a cure at Marienbad not far away, and was surprised that Pilsen was one place in German land that had no beer gardens! Cincinnati beer was famously good, once on a time, although it would not bear transportation, but I never heard it was due to Ohio River water.

In Phoenix Park are included the walled-in parks of the Vice Regal Lodge, of which glimpses can be had through the vista of foliage, and its portico and columned front remind one of the White House. The Lodge

Normans, and English, that have invaded and for a period impressed their civilizations on the Irish. It was a long time ago that Ireland carried its mark into other lands.

Many years ago, in the Embassy days in London, I had gone a hunting in Leicestershire, England's classic hunting country, with Fernie's hounds and the Pytchley, and had stopped with friends at Carlton Curlieu Hall, near Langton and Market Harboro', where I had seen a stable of splendid weightearrying Irish hunters—and from that time I had always wished, if I ever went to Ireland, to see some of its famous hunts. The Meath hounds hunt a country near Dublin,

their kennels are near Navan at Kells, and so I planned, on my second and last afternoon in Dublin, to run out in that direction and see an Irish hunting country and famous places at the same time.

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Captain Williamson and I drove off through Phoenix Park into the quaint countryside of Meath with all its teeming history reaching into the nowhere of long gone times, thousands of years ago, and down through the years "when

Ireland was for northern Europe a leader in Christian discipline and learning." It was flat country. Poppies grew by the roadside and the hay was being stacked, but the continuous rains of the season promised a failure in that crop for the poor farmers. When we ran into the hunting district, it didn't look to me so difficult or stiff as English Leicestershire, but that may be because I wasn't to ride over it. We passed Killeen Castle, the seat of the Earl of Fingal, a splendid pile standing up boldly in its vast park; and next were Lord Dunsany's fine properties, and so past the ruins of Bective Abbey, a good example of medieval architecture built by the Normans-half cloister, half fortress-on the River Boyne. Both Fingal and Dunsany are descended from the ancient Norman Plunketts, and there was a saying in old times that "if you escaped Killeen, you were robbed at Dunsany," which suggests rough manners by nobles of yore. In old annals it is said, "There be two great robber barons on the road to Drogheda, Fingal and Dunsany, Marcher Lords of the Pale," but today their gates show another kind of welcome, and the Pale-that region about Dublin outside of which it was undistinguished to livemay have been a sort of Blue Book of the times. Just beyond we came upon the gate and lodge of the hunting box that Bird has bought. He wasn't in Ireland, but I ran in through the long avenue with its deep screen of woods on either side, and past the house which is a perfect little home with sweet views about it, and gardens.

As we traveled we met many hunters, splendid beasts, and brood-mares and foals, and cart-Horses, returning from the Horse Show at Navan, an annual occasion that is famous and which I just missed. The country looked so sporting—and Irish. Navan

proved to be a market town and hunting center, with pleasant places in the neighborhood to visit and an unusual ancient tower. Here we turned back and came into the valley of the Boyne: a clear stream slowly flowing between lush banks and meadows. We crossed the Boyne by a picturesque ancient bridge, and so we motored through this land nobly rich in antiquities.

At Dowth, not far away, is an hillock of about an acre in extent, which is nothing but a cairn of stones, yet of such size as to cause wonder as to how they could ever have been set up in their day, a burying place of the time of Stonehenge and the Cromlechs, sev-

Tara was then the greatest center of royal and religious life, of the national life, for years and years.

We walked slowly up the hill to where a ditch divides two fields, once part of the rampart of the Fort of Kings, and crossed a wall through a simple stile to where toward the top of the hill was a mound "of Hostages," and beyond at the very crown of the rise were deep double ditches and round earthworks of ancient palaces and forts. On the very tiptop, in a small railed-in enclosure, is rather a pathetic lonely modern statue of St. Patrick, without inscription, and nearby it is set up the Lia Fail, the "Stone of Destiny," a round







The Winter Garden

eral centuries before Christ. There are many other tumuli in the neighborhood, and raths, the ground of assembly places. But we went on and turned up a narrow lane beneath a great row of trees and so came to the Hill of Tara! Tara! It proved the culmination of my dream of Ireland's mystery and wonderwith Tara I saw and felt it all! So simple a little lane that led to this crowning place-it seemed as if no one had been up it for a long The hill rose slightly sloping before us, looking very quiet and lonely-a bare hill with only a clump of trees from which a churchyard and a small church and steeple peeped out. On its side were a small farmyard and white cottage and some flowers, and a little wistful colleen came to us and acted as our guide. Up through a gate into a pasture field we went, where we saw long mounds, like ramparts, ranging the hill, the site of the Irish High King's banqueting hall, which once on a time was "splendid as well as huge." Tara ceased as a royal residence in the sixth century, the buildings were of wood, but manuscripts exist describing its magnificence.

I stood here and tried to imagine the scene of old. Down the center stood vats of liquor. Lamps hung from the walls. At huge fires were servants turning the roasts. The double row of seats and tables in this vast assembly were over seven hundred feet long, we were told, and the seven entrances on each side are still evident in gaps in the banks. At the highest end-for the ramparts slope down hill- sat the King and Chiefs, while ranging down the great room sat the courtiers, bards, historians, "druids" or "augurs," down to the rabble of cooks, waiters, jugglers, jesters, door-keepers. For this was the court of the High King of Ireland in his glory and here the Chiefs of Fianna (from which the Fenians) and Royal House feasted.

column of a stone that looked more like a scratching stone for cattle than a seat for the crowning of great kings, more of a perch than a seat. And more of a perch it was, perhaps. for the High Kings stood on it at their coronations, and the stone "roared under him in token of acceptance" of his sovereignty. It also was said that it would cause a "black spot" to appear on any guilty man who was set upon it. It is thought by some that this stone was brought here by colonizers from Greece, or by the Milesians, and that it was the original stone; while others, with possibly less grounds for their contention, claim that the original Stone of Destiny which stood on Tara's Hill was taken over to Scone in Scotland and is now none other than the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey.

So I stood, hat in hand, on this now so peaceful spot, a grass-grown pasture where only tumuli and mounds suggest its history and "mark the sites of Halls of Heroes, palaces of Aed-Rights, and the sepulchre of Kings and Queens. Amid the misty legends of its origin, the first figure that can be discerned is the Firbolg King Slainge; then at different intervals follow Nuada 'of the silver hand' from Greece; Tea, wife of Exemon the Milesian; Meave, the far-famed 'Queen Mab,' whose grave lies a mile to the south; and Tuathal, who built in Meath 'Four Painted Palaces.' But the most famous of the early Kings was Cormack Mac Airt (227-266 A. D.), who, say the Four Masters 'promulgated law' and here 'assembled all chroniclers of Ireland.' "

Dathi came then, last Pagan Ard-Righ, High King, contemporaneous with St. Patrick; and the last King at Tara was Dermot MacFergus, who was cursed, "his place and his race," upon good provocation, by St. Ruadhan, and so, about the middle of the

sixth century, Tara's Halls vanished, and "the meeting place of heroes is now a grassy green field." It was at this spot that St. Patrick, picking a shamrock with its three leaves on one stem at his feet, expounded his sermon on the Trinity, and so we picked some shamrocks off this sacred hill to take home as meaning more than anything else we could carry away from very, very old Erin.

of the farmer class to go into the church as the best living, and indeed the priests we saw did look the best nourished of the people.

If I had had more time I should have motored to Cork by way of Kilkenny and Cashel and Tipperary, not only in order to visit places that have a varied association with cats and songs, but also places rich in history and antiquity.

in those days) in the time of the Georges; but now it isn't worth the seeing.

At the other end of the town, down the river, nearer the sea, the Marina. a fine shaded avenue of a double row of great elms, is where the people take the air, but the people of today show no fashion, unless the black shawls are a fashion. In fact, we were told that many women wore this garment, even though

they could afford a hat. and we did see many girls with neat footwear having the shawl across their shoulders. But fashion indeed went away with the English, here as elsewhere in this land. The departure of the English has not been only a great social loss to Cork and Cobh, but an irreparable economic distress, for the garrisons of smart regiments are replaced by small units and the dock-yards and repairstations that employed hundreds of men are idle-dead. Such is one result of the much desired freedom from the English yoke.

We tried to cross a bridge over a canal-like branch of the river (for Cork is built on an

island-in fact on many islands), but the stench was so unpleasant that we turned back in haste. We didn't see many drunken men, although we saw some-and yet it was the Saturday afternoon off. It is said that there isn't so much drinking as there used to be, but those we talked to did admit that this might be due to the greater cost of beer and whisky and to the restricted hours when bars are open, as enforced by the Free State. A report of the Asylum board just published stated that comparatively few of the many hundreds of inmates were there because of drink. And yet the town is full of breweries and distilleries, and our guide pointed them out with pride, especially when they lined both sides of the street. Almost facing these immense factories stands, by the Patrick Bridge, the handsome statue of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, whose crusade was famous and so successful for a short time in the last century. A famine undid in quick order what he had so laboriously accomplished.

To hear the bells of Shandon was my chief desire for stopping over in Cork, and so we went up the hill of Shandon (a corruption of Gaelic words meaning hill-fort) to where St. Ann's Church—generally known as Shandon Church-stands with its fine storied steeple, built in stone to be sure, but in the style of some of our New England ecclesiastical architecture. The edifice, a Protestant Church, was built in 1620, but the chimes date from 1750. Inside it has been done over and the bells have been repaired. We climbed the steps outside to the door and inside to the belfry, where we sat on wooden benches in a bare room and the ringer-verger, who was a great talker, an old navy man, played for us-



Lakes of Killarney at Twilight

This high hill, rich in associations, has a view in every direction over the grasslands of Meath, which is very beautiful, stretching off to the horizon and the Mourne hills. Meath has been called the richest pasture land in Europe and so, perhaps the old High Kings weren't such bad judges of values. And most wonderful of all, this hallowed Irish ground is undisturbed and peaceful, just sleeping, "no desecration, no fee to pay," just a wistful colleen to show us around, with all our emotions awakened. I looked about me and here bade Ireland goodbye—for this was the culmination of my experiences in old, very old Erin.

I had said farewell to Ireland on top of Tara's sacred hill, but there still remained Cork to visit. So we chose a comfortable morning corridor carriage train from Dublin, which took its time and yet made the hundred and sixty-five miles to Cork in something over four hours. We passed Galty tange with the great Galty Mor rising to three thousand feet in the dim distance, and innumerable ruined towers; Mourne Abbey on its hill: much of the country included in the Kildare Hunt, and the delightful vale of Mallow, till through the tunnel we came to Cork station. The stops at the stations along the line had all been interesting, for here again as at the race meeting, were to be seen Irish characters at their best; real characters, all of them, such as one might see in Punch or on the stage at home; but here they were real individuals. There were Capuchin friars in their habits, but at no time did we see any great number of priests, nor many nuns-not more than we see walking or driving about the suburbs of Boston. Yet it is said that it is the high ambitions of the sons

At Cork we "descended" at the Imperial Hotel (republics like ours and Free States seem to enjoy royal names), which was old-fashioned but homelike. Here, as elsewhere, the service was willing but rather careless—although in some hotels we found Germanlike heads of departments (calling themselves Swiss), who saw to discipline and good care.

I may say at once that Cork was a great disappointment. Everywhere else I had found beauty and neatness. Cork was dirty and slovenly. It is the third city in size in the Free State, having some hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It was a Saturday afternoon and there were crowds out, many most wretched looking women and babies, like the worst we see in slums at home. They seemed so sad that it was heart-distressing. Nowhere else in my trip had I seen such poverty. In places the ragged and blear-eyed children almost mobbed the car in begging.

We visited the Rag Market, which is well named indeed with its tattered and torn offerings of junk of all kinds thrown down in piles in the street. Probably a thieves' market, but not like the thieves' market in Rome with its chances to find things of value. We passed innumerable "Paddy Markets," too, where cabbages and rhubarb and a few potatoes were set out in the dust and dirt for sale. Even "Patrick Street, "which leads into the "Grand Parade," was more like the East Side of New York than any place I had as yet seen, and the fine names given them refer to another time surely. The Mardyke, a promenade along the banks of the river Lee, may once have been the parade of the fashionable of Cork (Corkers they may have been and the sound of the bells was to me deliciously sweet. He first played changes, pulling the ropes that worked with little effort, so that he could talk while he played, by ear "entoirely" he told us. He played Tom Moore's "The Minstrel Boy" and "Garry Owen" and "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls." and rather wearily said that Americans always asked for "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms," which they thought was originally "Fair Harvard." At one moment he was rather disconcerted by the regular hourly striking of the chimes at four o'clock, but his Irish humor didn't fail him, for he carefully timed an extra pull on the hour bell, so that it rang five instead, no doubt to the consternation of the good folk who run their business or households by Shandon bells. And so I heard to my heart's content:

"The bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant water of the river Lee."

In this city too, of such Catholicity, it seems to the visitor rather strange that a new cathedral built over the foundations of a very old establishment, is Protestant, while the new Roman Catholic cathedral is on the hill nearby. We stopped for the vesper service there that was going on, and only two other worshipers were attending: a congregation rather out of proportion to the great edifice. We also drove through the grounds of University College, which is rather tautological a name. There appeared to be many more sisters from a neighboring convent than students, and the sisters seemed to be wandering about with brothers, who were perhaps relatives.

There is not much to see in Cork, although there are delightful excursions about it. The ruins of the City Hall and the rebuilding of Patrick Street, both of which were almost wholly destroyed during a spell of "crossness," are interesting reminders of conditions that were especially rampant in this fair land. Here they blame the Black and Tans, in other places the Republicans. The succeeding rebellions and civil wars are difficult for the visitor to follow. We saw inflammatory paintings on the walls that the Free State had left untouched, perhaps because they act as a boomerang on the discontented: "The Republic is ours for the taking"-"Save your skins and we lose our Republic." But there were some good things in Cork—the salmon from the Lee which we had for dinner, and the butter, even better, they told us, than that of Limerick. My feeling about Cork may have been due to the fact that I came to it last, after I had seen so much of Ireland that was incomparably beautiful. Perhaps if I had stopped over there immediately after

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landing, I might then have seen much that was new and strange and interesting. Cork is not typical of the Emerald Isle.

From Cork we left by motor early in the morning to join the ship at Cobh. It was a repetition of the lovely run we had made before, the only repetition I made in all my week's excursion, and doubly enjoyed. There was the leisurely but bustling scene at the landing stage; a Norwegian warship and the usual British vessel at anchor in the inner harbor made colors and then half-masted them, for the Court was in mourning for King Ferdinand. As we started over on the tender the Norwegian's band played. Soon we were out past Daunts Lightship and bowling along with the endlessly lovely panorama of the coast of Ireland in sight till afternoon, when we passed Fastnet again and ploughed out into the broad Atlantic, homeward

As I think of Ireland with all its beauty and charm, its rich possibilities against its background of history and legend, it seems a sad country and wistful-the people are sad and wistful, the individual is sad and wistful at heart, however witty and careless his head may be. It all seems so cheery, it is difficult to realize the distress that is underneath. But every now and then the threatening fire blazes through; it is always smouldering. Today Ireland is meeting a crisis. The Free State seems to have safely passed through the perils of infancy; for a time, not only the State, but the social fabric, was threatened. But as I traveled, all seemed serene and secure until I thought of the cowardly assassination of Kevin O'Higgins, sterling man and builder-the sort of man that Erin needed to pull her through! Yet he was chosen by revolutionary forces as one more martyr in the long list of Irish martyrs. world was astounded, and the revolutionary forces even have hidden their heads in shame certainly their bodies are in hiding.

Now comes the moment for economic and financial reconstruction, which requires high ability, for the problem is almost insuperable. It is a long story, with a nation that has been declining in prosperity for years. Thousands have been emigrating, and while the Irishman abroad is the most loyal of Irish and talks most lovingly and patriotically of the Auld Sod, yet it is plainly evident he does not care ever to go back, certainly not to stay. To talk of absenteeism of landlords is almost amusing when we consider the absenteeism of these loyal and patriotic examples of other classes. Those left at home are unemployed: the moneys from their relatives abroad have supported them in an uneconomical way. A country depending on such charity is not sound. Almost all with whom we talked had relatives in America on whom they depended; they would have starved otherwise, for only agriculture is left. The industries and manu-

factories are gone, and into this agricultural State, so rich in possibilities, even agricultural products are imported to the value of millions of pounds. It seems farcical that a country such as the Irish Free State should import annually more than two million pounds sterling of bacon, more than five hundred thousand pounds sterling of butter, one million pounds sterling of timber, one millions pounds sterling of feeding stuffs for cattle, and corn and flour to the extent of ten million pounds sterling. Ireland should provide England with its dairy produce, but it is Denmark, another small country, which now does so. The Free State is "encumbered with a form of government and a code of social legislation suitable to the needs of a wealthy and highlydeveloped community, but altogether beyond the means of a comparatively poor country. Not only must there be followed, as suggested in an article by Mr. O'Hanlon, a policy to provide sufficient occupation for "the exercise of the energies and talents of the people," but the people must show their willingness to prove their energy and talents. Tremendous sacrifices will be necessary on the part of all classes to make Ireland economically independent, to make it self-contained and selfsupporting, and till it gains this independence it cannot be independent politically, however many revolutions or assassinations are attempted. The O'Higgins murder has made the government realize that there are still sinister influences at work, and it has passed a Public Safety Bill of a most drastic kind, giving wide powers to the Ministry for the suppression of Unlawful Organizations, of Seditious Publications, with far-reaching powers of deportation, with Special Tribunals for crimes against the State, and even the death penalty for carrying arms. The most iniquitous of British Governments would not have suggested more radical laws, A little less sentimental wasted expenditure of moneys and time in trying to awaken a dead Gaelic language and civilization and more common sense are required. In a small manner, for instance, this Gaelic revival, with its sign posts and advertisements in Gaelic, does not help motor travel which might bring much wealth into Ireland.

Gaelic civilization is not up with the times, and such unexpected and cruel acts as the murder of O'Higgins has kept away during the season hundreds of tourists who had planned to visit Ireland, even the Irish papers admitted. No republic, under the circumstances, completely independent, could last a week—the dream of such a state would become a nightmare. Mr. Cosgrave is a clear-headed and able and straightforward statesman, and to join to support the present government at this critical time is the only hope and should be the constant prayer of every loyal and patriotic Irishman, at home or abroad.



Kipling of Today in His Sussex Home

The popular author and poet in his home at Burwash amid the charms of English country life—In this retreat he has continued the literary work that has made him one of the favorite writers of his time

By R. THURSTON HOPKINS

FTEN on a summer's morning one may meet in the lanes of Burwash a sturdy man, whose skin has been tanned by sun and wind to the rich brown of the Sussex country folk he loves so well, whose forehead is round and fairly high, and whose pale blue eyes and the brow above them give his expression a piercing appearance. For the rest his voice is firm and resonant, and his brown hair and stubbly moustache are partially shot with gray. He may be wearing a battered soft felt hat and a homespun suit of plus-fours.

Perhaps he may be talking in an animated fashion to men at work at a "sheep dip," or later you might see this keen-eyed man conversing eagerly with the miller at the handsome windmill that stands near the village. This alert, puck-like little man is Rudyard Kipling, and the fleeting glimpse you have had of him, questioningly passing from one subject to the next, may serve to give some idea of how he has obtained that marvelous mastery of detail and that astonishing grasp of human things which have made him well nigh the greatest wizard of all writers. His home life is very simple. He rises early and works in his den from nine until twelve. He writes prose slowly and carefully. "Kim," for example, was re-written several times. But with his verses it is different. He composes the stanzas as he strides along the road or through the field, and when he has them clearly in his mind he comes back and writes them like a streak. His memory is amazing. He can recite page after page of the Bible, and he can repeat whole chapters of Scott. He knows thousands of lines of queer poetry of the Middle Ages by heart.



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Rudyard Kipling's fine old Sussex Home

To the south of the village of Burwash stands Kipling's house, called "Bateman's" (often written without the apostrophe). Over the doorway a date-stone proclaims that the building was raised in the year 1634, but in Horsefield's "Sussex" we are told it was erected in 1620. When the house was built, the men who worked on it were paid a

penny a day, and the master wanted to bate something off that, so the place was called "Bateman's." It is interesting to note that in 1610, when St. Paul's was being built, the masons were paid a penny per day. Mr. Kipling always explains that the deep porch of his house is an addition built long after. He also points out that when a tradesman in Elizabethan times attained honors and wealth he advertised his social advance by building a porch to his house. "Bateman's" was built by a tradesman-a Sussex iron founder-and when he made a fortune by selling his guns to the Elizabethan fleet he was worldling enough to let his wants keep pace with his ability to gratify them. The porch of "Bateman's" was probably built by some old ecclesiastical mason, for it has the mellow and satisfying look of a church cloister. On each side of it are deep oak seats not less than two hundred years old.

Kipling's den is at the top of the house under the gables, and the old mullioned windows look out on Pook's Hill, which inspired his stories in "Rewards and Fairies." Pook's Hill is not to be found on the Ordnance Survey Map and for some years I have supposed the hill to be an imaginary landmark. Kipling's clue to it is quite precise—"the bare, fern-covered slope of Pook's Hill that runs up from the far side of the mill-stream to a dark wood."

The mill-stream is the one that works Kipling's watermill, and just where it flows to Burwash, under Willingford Bridge, there is a place called Pugshole on the far side. This seemed to justify my tracing its derivation from Puck's Hole. I am unskilled at place-name problems, but on picking up an old map in a bookshop some weeks ago I found that I had been treading on ground which was more "haunted and holy" than I had suspected. The map was published in 1813 by Lt. Col. Mudge at the Tower of London, "engraved at the Drawing Room of the Tower," and Pook Hill is marked quite boldly where the present-day ordnance map marks Park Hill. Colonel Mudge, like Sir James Barrie, believed in fairies-he was mystical and delightful. Then, at the beginning of the twentieth century, it was far more difficult than it had ever been before to find Puck and the People of the Hills, and the ruthless people of the Survey Office ruled out Pook Hill and substituted Park Hill.

The glassy mill-dam with its dripping willows often reflects the pensive figure of Kipling with his rod, searching for the crafty trout which abound in this pool. He enjoys the voluptuousness of the solitude here, which he has described as "a sort of thick, sleepy stillness smelling of meadow-sweet and dry grass."

Under a wagon shed near at hand stand

several Sussex wains (a type of wagon which has not changed during the last five hundred years). With their gondola-shaped fronts and enormous wheels, they look more in keeping with the wooden war ships of a by-



Rudyard Kipling

gone age than with the motor ploughs of a nineteenth century farm. They are all inscribed: "Kipling, Batemans Farm, Burwash."

If you are a visitor at Bateman's, Mr. Kipling will take you into the wainscotted living room. Here is a great open fire, large enough to roast an ox, a witness to the communal life of the Middle Ages. Chairs and tables, carved grotesquely, and as old as the walls around them, stand near the comfort of the blaze. The windows are deeper than a man's arms could reach, and small enough to be used as lookouts in case of attack, for the house was built in days of great lawlessness.

However, lover of old things as Kipling is, he has not been able to resist the lure of a radio set. He explains that he finds it so useful for getting the time from Greenwich. There is more in this than meets the eye at first. His house is five miles from a station and in a part of Sussex where folks only work when they feel the urge. At Burwash even the wheels of time occasionally become a little clogged. But now he gets the time by wireless, and is right to the second.

Chemical Warfare in National

Continued from page 223

severe bronchitis, but the total deaths were smaller, only 21/2 per hundred for the British on the average, and remember they had to suffer the first attack without any knowledge of how to treat their wounded or how to protect themselves from the gas. While that was the British dead from mustard gas, the dead from mustard gas among Americans was probably less than $1\frac{1}{2}\%$. The American average deaths from all gases was two per hundred of those gassed. The British average was 3 per hundred of the gassed.

Just as the average death rate from bullets, bayonets, and shells among Americans was 25%, it was 36% among the British; in other words, in each case about twelve times as many as for gas. That ratio held true with the Germans and the French. The Americans had fewer deaths per hundred wounded because they had the advantage of protective devices and methods of treating wounds by surgery and medicine that had been developed through three years of war before the Americans went into the battle line.

From all this you will readily agree that if you are going to have to be wounded in war and you want to come home alive, by all means be wounded by gas. Even if future chemicals get more effective through better knowledge of how to handle them, it is pretty safe to say you will always have four to five times as many chances of coming home alive and well if you are gassed than if you are struck by bullets, bayonets, high explosive shell, or bombs.

To sum up, these chemicals were not new, nor are they strange today. Chlorine is a medicine in proper quantities; it is the greatest water purifier that the world has ever known or perhaps ever will know. Your phosgene is used in hundreds of tons throughout the civilized world today to make dyes for beautiful dresses, stockings, and hats for the ladies; socks, cravats and hat bands for the man; to say nothing of sweaters for the college boy and golfer.

Fanny Kemble's Reign in America Recalled

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and still more welcome were the golden garlands of the exquisite wild jasmine, hanging, drooping, trailing, clinging, climbing through the dreary forests, joining to the warm aromatic smell of the fir-trees a delicious fragrance as of acres of heliotrope in bloom.

The scene just beyond the house was beautiful; the moonlight slept on the broad river, which here is almost the sea, and on the masses of foliage of the great Southern oaks; the golden stars of German poetry shone in the purple curtains of the night, and the measured rush of the Atlantic unfurling its huge skirts upon the white sands of the beach (the sweetest and most awful lullaby in nature) resounded through the silent air.

Below are descriptions of St. Simons also from Fannie Kemble's "Journal":

The wood paths which I followed between thickets, though little satisfactory in their ultimate result, were really more beautiful than the most perfect arrangement of artificial aleximothet I consequence. ficial planting that I ever saw in an English park; and I thought, if I could transplant the



There is no standing still . . .

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

During the past two years 6000 switchboards have been reconstructed in the larger cities served by the Bell System to enable the operators to

give a more direct and faster service.

Previously in towns where there were more than one central office, your operator would hold you on the line while she got the operator at the other central office on an auxiliary pair of wires. Now she connects directly with the other central office and repeats the number you want to the other operator. You hear her do this so that you can correct her if there is any mistake.

This little change cost millions of dollars. Likewise, it saves millions of minutes a day for the public and it has cut down the number of errors by a third.

It is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give direct, high-speed telephone

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of

the future.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

region which I was riding through bodily into the midst of some great nobleman's possessions on the other side of the water, how beautiful

on the other side of the water, now beautiful an accession it would be thought to them. A young slip of a moon glimmered just above the horizon, and "the stars climbed up the sapphire steps of heaven," while we made our way over the rolling, rushing, foaming waves, and saw to right and left the marsh fires burning in the swampy meadows, adding another and saw to right and left the marsh hres burning in the swampy meadows, adding another colored light in the landscape to the ambertinted lower sky and the voilet arch above, and giving wild picturesqueness to the whole scene by throwing long flickering rays of flame upon the distant waters.

We drove home by moonlight; and as we came toward the woods in the middle of the island, the fireflies glittered out from the dusky thickets as if some magical golden veil was every now and then shaken out into the darkand the whole way through the silvery night delightful.

We rowed home through a world of stars, the steadfast ones set in the still blue sky, and the flashing swathes of phosphoric light turned up by our oars and keel in the smooth blue water. It was lovely.

How can I describe to you the exquisite spring beauty that is now adorning these woods, the variety of the fresh new-born foliage, the fragrance of the sweet, wild perfumes that fill the air? Honeysuckles twine around every tree; the ground is covered with a low, white-blossomed shrub more fragrant than lilies of the valley. The accacuas are swing-ing their silver censers under the green roof of these wood temples; every stump is like a or these wood temples; every stump is like a classical altar to the sylvan gods, garlanded with flowers; every post, or stick, or slight stem, like a Bacchante's thyrsus, twined with wreaths of ivy and wild vine, waving in the tepid wind. Beautiful butterflies flicker like flying flowers among the bushes, and gorgeous hinds like winged invoke dark from the house. birds, like winged jewels, dart from the boughs.

Personal Contact with

Lincoln

Continued from page 206

done to-day; but I dine, as you know, at six o'clock. Come and take a family dinner with me, and afterward, over an indifferent cigar, we will talk this matter over fully."

But that evening Secretary Seward, in his drive before dinner, was thrown from his carriage and severely injured, his jaw being broken, and he was confined to his bed until the assassination of Lincoln, and the attempted murder of himself by one of the confederates of Booth, so that the subject could never be again mentioned to Mr. Lincoln.

In this book "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln" a whole galaxy of statesmen, generals and otherwise distinguished citizens sent in their reminiscences of the great war president, and it is a most valuable collection for the myriad lovers of the memory of Lincoln.

Osteopathy as a National Health Asset Continued from page 215

The recent researches of Dr. Curtis H. Muncie, osteopathic ear specialist, into the causes and cure of deafness, disclose the fact that removal of tonsils, although frequently done in the hope of saving or improving the hearing, often impairs it. His records show over five hundred cases whose tonsils were removed by different specialists (both in America and Europe) for the purpose of helping the hearing, but in each of these cases the hearing became immediately worse. This (Dr. Muncie asserts) is due to the formation of scar tissue, blocking the lymph drainage from the Eustachian tubes.

Searching for a way of permanently overcoming diseased tonsils and at the same time conserving structure and preventing the formation of scar tissue, he has applied Osteopathic principles and perfected an operation, "Reconstruction of the Tonsils," which helps the hearing, permanently eliminates the infection and saves the structure, thereby aiding Nature to help itself toward health and the deaf patient to hearing.

Many other examples may be cited in which osteopathic concept of disease has favorably influenced the therapeutic world, but one of the most striking is the entirely new departure from the usual surgery in ear, nose and throat diseases. By applying Dr. Still's theory in a highly specialized way in the treatment of deafness and allied conditions, Dr. Curtis H. Muncie has developed "Constructive Finger Surgery," dependent for its execution entirely upon the use of sensitively developed fingers.

The purpose of the technique is the correction of deranged structure instead of the usual surgical removal of structure. It is therefore a corrective and constructive surgery as well as a conservative, bloodless and knifeless surgery. Dr. Muncie's research has disclosed the presence of eight different types of deformities and derangements of the Eustachian tube as the cause of most deafness and his operation, Recon-

struction of the Eustachian Tube, is said to substantially and permanently restore hearing to a large percentage of cases that have heretofore been considered incurable.

Also deformities within the nose are now corrected with most striking results, instead of the structure being removed surgically.

For the ages deafness has been considered incurable. It is estimated that one person in every ten in the United States is hard of hearing. It is further estimated that a large percentage of these cases could be prevented from deafness or the hearing restored by timely corrective treatment, through Reconstruction of the Eustachian Tubes. Thus, in this specialty alone, Osteopathy represents a tremendous national health asset, and its development will continue to earn new laurels to Dr. Still's theories, and represent salvation to thousands who would otherwise be condemned to "the silence."

Favorite Heart

Throbs

Continued from page 219

gress. The father was then Speaker of the House of Representatives and the son continuing his work as judge of the city court, he was appointed by President Harding to the World War Foreign Debt Funding. He first served as parliamentarian adviser in Congress under Speaker Champ Clark, and is now serving on the Committee of Ways and Means. In that peculiar combination of words—"ways and means"—is the sum total of all human activities, particularly as related to legislation in the House of Representatives. The distinguished member found time to comment on his favorite poem.

"There are times when we need the anchorage of these lines applied to Abou Ben Adhem which I used to speak in school, to keep up closer to the real ideals of life."

Book Reviews Continued from page 224

the ending of the "Fair of the Iron Horse," one of the greatest pageants ever held by a private organization in America.

"So closes this record. . . . The Fair of the Iron Horse ended as it began—in warm sunshine and bright cool air. For a final time, that Saturday afternoon of mid-October, the Centenary Band came briskly marching down the highway, the Indian chieftains rode their horses furiously and then returned to escort the slow-moving travois, Henry Clay rode down the National Pike lifting his hat in fond adieus, the stage-coaches lumbered by the First Stone parade of July 4, 1828, once more delighted the multitude, the locomotives—old and new, small and large—for the last time rolled their way around the long loop track. . . . Then the unexpected thing came to pass: The human actors in the pageant marched at its close to the front of the

pass: The human actors in the pageant marched at its close to the front of the grandstand—as had been their habit at each performance. Only, for the first time, the Indians came too, and the gaily costumed folk from off the floats. With the bands, the seven hundred of them took final position. . . . There was the customary

stanza of America. . . . Then—Auld Lang Syne—that eternal song of human memories. The men laughing . . . women crying—just the least bit—for memory and for the happiness of memory. . . . The inevitable finally had come to pass; the unforgettably happy thing was dying. Men grew a little more sober. . . Laughter died. . . A moment of quiet suspense. Then the sharp roll of the drums and again the actor folk marching off—the grand clearing itself for the final time.

"'The Fair of the Iron Horse' had slipped into the pages of history."

It is a remarkable story and it is time well spent to read the history of this Great American Enterprise.

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The Bedevilment of John Discombe

Continued from bage 200

and this was the woman upon whose love and lovalty he had staked his reason.

He was hidden behind a great elm when they came out and turned in the direction of the quarries, but he doubled around the square and appeared before them suddenly. Eleanor started back with a cry of surprise.

"Why, John! how you startled me! I didn't know you had come back. Is Henry so changed that you don't know him?"

Henry indeed! Was she so besotted as to think that he would accept a miracle rather than doubt her? Let her wait but a little and he would show her. In the meantime he found himself greeting the ape-faced man pleasantly; and even Eleanor, with love-sharpened vision, saw nothing amiss in him.

"Supper wasn't quite ready," she explained, "and we were going to walk over to the old quarry. We'll go back, though, if you like; you must be very tired."

"Oh no, I'm not tired—let's go on, by all means," urged Discombe. "Henry can tell me his story as we go."

They fell into line with the ape-faced one in the middle, and Discombe listened, smiling under his mustache at what was to come. It was a marvelous tale. He of the apeface, personating Henry Kestrow, had been shot in the melee whereof tidings had reached Ridgeboro, and, though given up for dead, had recovered. Then a syndicate of western capitalists, owning a railway in South America, had sent the dead-alive to Brazil. There he had prospered until now he was the resident manager for the company. That was all save that he was an enthusiast on southward migration; and he had come prepared to carry Discombe and Eleanor back to Brazil with him if dazzling inducements might move them. The narration carried them to the rim of the old quarry, and they stood together looking down at the reflection of the copper-colored sunset clouds in the "Do you remember this place?" asked Discombe, thinking to confuse the hideous

"I should say I did. Who'd ever think that we had learned to swim in such a grim old hole! It's enough to give one the shivers to remember it. And there's the shelf where you and Nellie used to sit and fish for horn-pouts. Let's climb down to it."

They did, and Discombe's fingers worked convulsively when he saw how willingly Eleanor suffered herself to be helped by the loathsome stranger. When they stood upon the shelf he laid his hand caressingly on the ape-man's arm.

"You've filled out a good deal since you went to—to, where was it?—oh, yes, to Brazil. The Henry Kestrow I knew was slim and not very strong. I could take him in my arms, so, and wring the soul out of him."

"I don't doubt it—here, hold up—man alive! you'll break my ribs!" They were writhing and twisting together over the small platform and Henry caught a glimpse of Discombe's face. "Give us room, Nellie—he's gone mad!" he gasped, and then the two men went down with Discombe underneath. They were perilously near the edge of the shelf, and Henry tried to drag the maniac back out of danger. Discombe cunningly feigned submission until Kestrow's hold was loosened; then he gripped him afresh and drew him by inches to the edge of the rock.

Eleanor saw what he was trying to do and ran to help her brother; but before she could reach them the two men went whirling over the brink to plunge together into the black pool. They were at the surface again before she could cry out; Henry swimming and supporting Discombe. There was a shallow place at one side of the pool, and when Henry felt the rock under his feet he called to

"Go and get help, Nellie; we're all right now, but I can't get him out alone. He struck his head on the rock as we fell, and I don't know how badly he's hurt."

At ten o'clock that night Doctor Bradley, coming from Discombe's bedside, said much the same thing to Eleanor's father. "The cut in his head may not amount to much," the doctor added, "but he's been overcrowding himself lately, and I'm afraid he's in for a siege of brain fever. If you don't want to have him here in the house, you'd better move him tonight."

Eleanor came in in time to hear the concluding sentence, and good Deacon Kestrow read his reply aloud as it was written in his daughter's face.

"We'll take care of him here, doctor; he doesn't lack much o' being one of the family, anyway."

The good steamer *Villamontado*, outward bound on her voyage to Brazil, was well on her way to the tropics. On her passenger list were the names of the Senhor Kestrow and the Senhor and Senhora Discombe; and in fair weather the two last named spent their days on deck, sitting quietly under the after awning in deference to the slowly returning strength of the convalescent. One evening, after they had watched the sun plunge into the western ocean, Discombe was moved to speak of the day of his visitation.

"Tell me honestly, Eleanor," he said, "didn't people warn you that you were taking chances in marrying a madman?"

"Yes, a few did," she admitted, reluctantly.

"And you told them that brain fever didn't necessarily mean insanity, I suppose. That was right, because it was your affair and mine, and none of theirs. But, Eleanor, it wasn't altogether brain fever; I shalla lways believe that what appeared to be the cause was in reality the effect."

"You mean that there was something else behind the overwork and the sickness?"

"Our Jim"

Just Published

"Our Jim"

"OUR JIM"

A biography of the Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the cabinets of two presidents

There has been issued from the facile pen of J. Mitchell Chapple a book that is peculiarly opportune, entitled "Our Jim." The book is a "romance." This is because the author knows his subject intimately as a man imbued at all times with the highest motives. Every page is a sermon on rectitude of conduct as between man and man, yet it savors not in the least of pragmatism. The great work of James J. Davis cannot be properly appreciated without the aid of Chapple's book, which is a biography that avoids fulsomeness and points the moral without developing into a preachment.—Western Mail, Cardiff, Wales.

Joe Mitchell Chapple has not yet reached the stage where he brings out new books as frequently as he publishes issues of the "National Magazine," but he is fast approaching it. His latest volume is "Our Jim," a biography of the Hon. James J. Davis, who worked as a boy in the mills of Wales and later in those of western Pennsylvania, and who has been Secretary of Labor for the past eight years. Mr. Chapple supplements the story of Secretary Davis' career as a worker and in public life withan extended account of his activities in the Loyal Order of the Moose, of which he has long been director-general; and especially his great work in founding and administering Mooseheart, Ill., and Moosehaven, Fla. Secretary Davis himself has told his life story in that inspiring book, "The Iron Puddler," but Mr. Chapple tells of his achievements and his splendid humanitarian work in a way that his own modesty prevented.—John Clair Minot in the Boston Herald.

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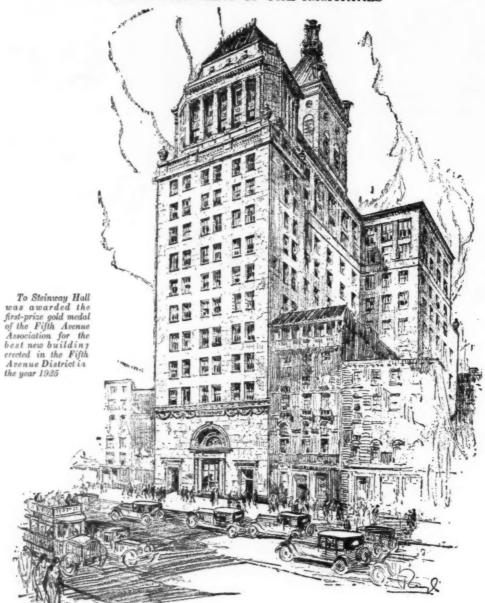
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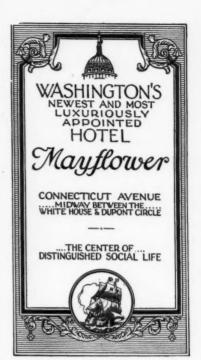
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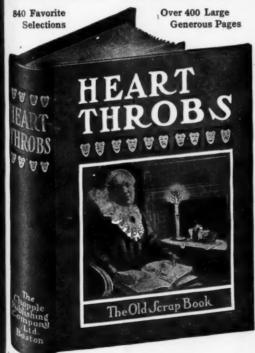
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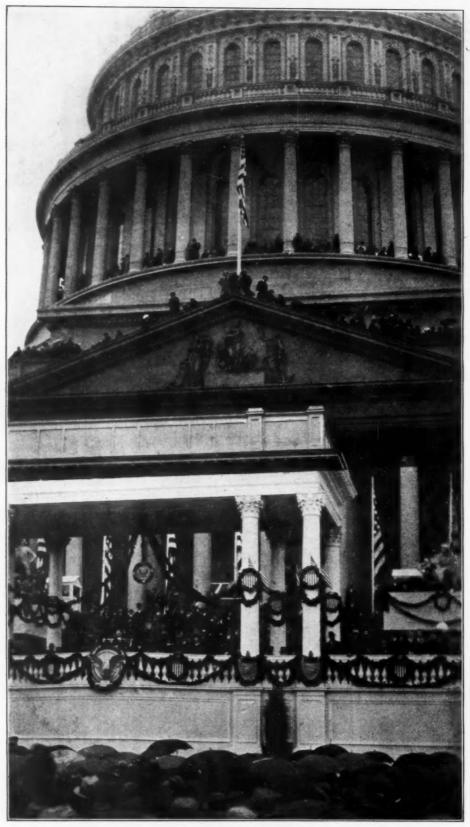
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